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EDITORIAL

NATION OF ACCOMPLICES

For the sake of its self-respect and to preserve what remains of the decent opinion of mankind, the United States should break off diplomatic relations with Chile. The Reagan Administration in effect did that to Libya in the name of its campaign against "international terrorism" just a few days ago. But for the regime of General Pinochet, an anti-Communist "friend" and terrorist, there is active courtship. It was Pinochet who arranged the assassination of Orlando Letelier, a distinguished Chilean exile, within earshot of the White House in 1976.

This shameful contrast of policies was highlighted in Washington on May 30 when a jury acquitted two Cuban accomplices of the American agent of Pinochet in the murder of Letelier and his American assistant, Ronni Karpen Moffitt. The jury clearly believed that the real assassin was Pinochet's dictatorship acting through its agent Michael Townley.

With Gen. Vernon Walters, Reagan's emissary to Pinochet, down in Santiago picking up the Chilean military's shopping list, the U.S.A. is now an accomplice in the Letelier-Moffitt murders; we are a nation that stood by and passively observed its own violation. Accept rape by the "authoritarians" to avoid—what?—by the "totalitarians." The United States is sinking deeper into "the subculture of official crime," as Richard Barnet put it in his review of *Assassination on Embassy Row*, the story of the Letelier-Moffitt murders by John Dinges and Saul Landau (who will be writing on the implications of the recent acquittal in *The Nation* shortly).

Reagan & Co. are actively supporting the hateful Chilean regime and encouraging Pinochet to intervene in favor of "stability" in the hemisphere. Here is a dangerous humiliation for the United States.

TIMERMAN'S TESTAMENT Ted Solotaroff

REPORT FROM JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI James A. Goodman

HIGH COURT CONFLICT OF INTEREST Gilbert Cranberg

SECRETS OF A UNION BUSTER Kinsey Wilson Steve Askin

ROTH'S 'ZUCKERMAN' Richard Gilman

ARGENTINE JEWS

THE CRIME OF SILENCE REVISITED

ARYEH NEIER

Jacobo Timerman writes that as he was being tortured in Argentine military prisons festooned with pictures of Adolf Hitler, his torturers reviled him as "Jew, Jew, Jew!" The anti-Semitic aspect of human-rights abuse in Argentina was discussed prominently in Anthony Lewis's review of Timerman's book, *Prisoner without a name, cell without a number*, in the May 10 *New York Times Book Review*. Lewis's review—which was displayed more boldly than is customary in the *Book Review*—and his return to the same subject in his regular *Times* column a week later, have drawn attention to Timerman's views. [See also Ted Solotaroff's review in this issue, page 733.] Not all the attention has been favorable. It is not only the Argentine government and its American apologists who are critical. Leading American Jewish organizations are also angry with Timerman and Lewis.

Henry Siegman, executive director of the American Jewish Congress, issued a statement on May 19 which asserted that Jacobo Timerman "was a threat to the [Argentine] junta not because of his Jewishness—he was not an active member of the Jewish community—but because of his personal commitment to truth, freedom and human rights." Siegman went on to charge that "By suggesting that the reign of terror in Argentina is to be understood essentially as anti-Semitism, Mr. Lewis has only further compromised the already precarious condition of Argentina's Jews."

In the same spirit, the American Jewish Committee organized a press conference in New

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LETTERS.

ANTI-MX COALITION

Chicago

Signs of hypocrisy are always worth noting [editorial, "Mormons and MX," *The Nation*, May 16], but so are new political realignments. Utahans and Nevadans *do* have a "not in our backyard" attitude about plans to base the MX missile system in their states. But where else does political consciousness begin, if not in people's own backyards?

The real news from out West is not that vicious reactionaries have failed to become pacifists overnight but that they—powerful politicians, ranchers, miners and businessmen—have been forced into an alliance with liberals, environmentalists and traditionalist Indians. Old enemies have been forced on to the same platform at Air Force hearings and public meetings, on TV and in Federal court trying to stop the steady progress toward environmental and social disaster. The opposition to MX is a majority movement, and it is being led in part by forces which have never before had credibility or power.

Robert Poor

LEFTIST OVERREACTION?

New York City

Christopher Hitchens is a newcomer to the American left. Describing himself as a "humble *Gastarbeiter*," he oversimplifies complicated questions which go to the very heart of our continued struggle for unity without political compromise. This is the stuff to which many of us have devoted considerable time. Yet, with verbal facility, as opposed to political argument, Hitchens, in his column titled "Wait a Minute" ["Understatements," *The Nation*, May 30], attempts to dismiss vital efforts to hold back repression and preserve First Amendment rights.

Hitchens's attitude, which is similar to the passiveness of many people in the 1950s, allows repression to flourish and discourages political resistance. His thesis is that people on the left are overreacting to threats posed by the Senate Subcommittee on Security and Terrorism (S.S.T.) and "hooligan journalism." The "state of affairs," according to Hitchens, includes only two aspects of current political repression and these only in the light of attacks on the Institute for Policy Studies (I.P.S.). This limited analysis hardly describes the "state of affairs." I.P.S. is only one of several groups that have already been targeted by the Reagan Administration and its supporters.

Those of us who are concerned about the S.S.T. do not see its actions or its potential in a vacuum. It is a propaganda tool used to gain support for the most repressive aspects of this country's domestic policy and the most brutal of its international ones. It is made up of ultra-right Republicans, backed and staffed by members of the Heritage Foundation and the Council on Inter-

American Security and boosted by the American Security Council. As such, it provides a central mechanism for New Right activity. It is charged with coercing consensus around the alleged threat of Soviet-backed terrorism, so that criticism of the Administration's policies—its deletion of human rights as a foreign policy criterion, its plans to free the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the Central Intelligence Agency, its actions to secure greater secrecy and place the executive branch above scrutiny—will be muted. The mandate of the S.S.T. is to provide and reinforce an ideology based upon bombs instead of bread and to prepare the public for war.

We battle this Senate subcommittee, the drive to establish a similar one in the House and other legislative and executive measures, not because we are in desperate fear that the subcommittee can destroy the left. We are, however, a bit more concerned for the left in general, and the I.P.S. in specific, than is Hitchens. We would hate to see the I.P.S., the leading left-of-center think tank, be forced to "reassemble."

We also don't agree that Marxism has achieved acceptance in this country. Too many of us, as academics, have been denied tenure at major and minor universities on that score alone. Hitchens's sexual allusions are also crude and insulting. Over the last ten years we have managed through hard work to overcome some of the prejudices that still appear to cloud Hitchens's thinking. Hitchens minimizes the role of women as radicals—more than half of us are by accident of birth incapable of what he calls "premature ejaculation"; and some are even capable of a Second Coming. His style, moreover, leads to unfortunately retrograde approaches to Jewish people and Communists.

Our real fears are that the subcommittee's propaganda, coupled with the new enforcement mechanisms, will nurture killings by repressive governments in Central and South America, and will support a climate accepting of right-wing terror against blacks across this country. The left may be better able to survive a witch hunt today than in the 1950s, but what about other victims in this country and elsewhere? It is precisely because we are neither "resigned" nor "defensive" that efforts to bring back McCarthyism will be thwarted. To say, as does Hitchens, that "McCarthyism was not the fascism that many people feared" is an insipid thought that fails to advance our understanding of history or our strategy for the present.

Perhaps we should be criticized for not reacting sooner and strongly enough when Fred Hampton was murdered, when North Vietnam was bombed, when Cambodia was invaded, when students at Kent State and Jackson State were murdered, when forty-three people were massacred at Anica, when

Three Mile Island hosted a nuclear disaster, when people's lives were destroyed at Love Canal, or when blacks were killed by racially motivated attacks. What of the demand for women's reproductive rights? It is no accident that S.S.T. members function as key protagonists on a Senate committee working to deny women freedom of choice.

History demonstrates over and over again that it is a willingness to say no, to reject reactionary forces and trends, that provides us with our only hope for a winning strategy. Thus, we are at a loss to understand the thinking that generated Hitchens's piece.

The offensive against the S.S.T. and other repressive Administration measures has been launched by more than fifty organizations planning a National Day of Resistance with simultaneous events in New York City and more than thirteen locations around the country on June 19. This campaign, called No More Witch Hunts, has a broad spectrum of support and believes in acting and organizing before it is too late. Hitchens, your minute may be too long. You should borrow a copy of your editor's book, *Naming Names*, to see just what harm can be done short of a fascist state. We will win, and the victory will be on our terms precisely because our energy is boundless.

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Committee for Abortion Rights
and Against Sterilization Abuse
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EDITORIALS.

Caribbean Pie

The Administration has announced a "Caribbean Marshall Plan," and State Department planners are busy in their diplomatic test kitchen whipping up a new economic pie. An economic assistance program for the region is, in principle, welcome in these times of international recession, inflation and protectionism by many industrialized nations, which threaten the developing countries everywhere. The Administration's current recipe is in the preliminary stages and its particular pie may remain the kind reserved for us in heaven by and by; still, given the Central American domino game the White House is now playing, some rude questions must be asked.

Not least of these is where will the money come from? Given the present disposition to cut foreign aid, it seems unlikely that the State Department's embryonic plan envisioning, say, a billion dollars in military and economic assistance would be funded even by 1983, the present

target date. But if all or some of the money were eventually appropriated, our uneasiness would not lessen. Indeed, given this Administration's predilection for imposing a cold war on the region, it would be increased.

We find it difficult to take a spiritual lift from any economic aid proposals by an Administration that sees the world in terms of military power. Is what they have in mind a mini-Marshall Plan—or a new system of military alliances, glued together by economic aid to the "friendlies"? And how will the latter be defined? Will there be built-in rewards for acceptable "authoritarians" only, and will this include propping up such dismal tyrannies as Jean-Claude (Baby Doc) Duvalier's Haitian fiefdom? Will we also seek to deputize stronger Latin American nations as regional policemen? If so, will our local *jefes* outlaw all popular uprisings as Communist-inspired? Will, in addition, only the region's neoconservative governments receive aid—Jamaica's Edward Seaga, John Michael Geoffrey Adams of Barbados, perhaps even Forbes Burnham of Guyana—while all to the left of them are frozen out, as has already

happened with Grenada and the Michael Manley government in Jamaica? Remember that after his victory over Manley, Seaga became the first foreign leader to receive the White House invitation treatment.

In short, the Reagan approach smacks of ideologically tightfisted dollar diplomacy and bears a too-insistent "Made in U.S.A." label. An obvious need is for a truly multilateral approach to the region's problems, taking into account its diversity of economies. Moreover, a single plan, presumably tailored to the Milton Friedman model, with stepped-up trade and investment in industrialization, would ignore the fact that the Caribbean countries are already fiercely competing for U.S. dollars. More trade and more manufactures without an expanded U.S. market to absorb them would provide little gain and possibly some harm. What is needed in the Caribbean is a truly regional economy that is not dominated by the United States.

Several plans and initiatives are already in existence. There is, for example, the Caribbean Group for Cooperation in Economic Development established by the World Bank and devised by the Panamanian economist Nicolas Ardito Barletta. This group is working in a framework of multilateral assistance and its aim is promoting the balanced growth of all nations in the region. As an example of individual government action, one could cite the San José accord between Venezuela and Mexico under which the two oil producers supply fuel to poorer nations at less than world-market prices. It is absolutely essential that the United States consult closely with regional powers rather than promulgate a unilateral plan, which, our policy makers already admit, would require cooperative financing.

But our major reservation remains the motivation for U.S. aid. The Caribbean program appears to be a hasty work-up inspired by the Administration's national security doctrine of taking a stand against Communism in El Salvador and seeking to destabilize the Sandinist revolution in Nicaragua. (The latest incident in the latter campaign was the State Department's announcement that it had received "unverified reports" of shipments of Soviet tanks to Nicaragua—reports that handily originated with the Central Intelligence Agency.) Marshall Plans are fine things, so long as they do not degenerate into fighting a cold war by other means. The Caribbean's economic and political problems are serious and daunting, but their origins are not to be found in Havana or Moscow. As the American ambassador to Panama, Ambler Moss, stated last fall, "What we see in Central America today would not be much different if Fidel Castro and the Soviet Union did not exist." The region's real security problem is making a better life for the people there. Arms and alliances have little to do with this goal.

This issue marks the last week of Christopher Hitchens's stint as visiting associate editor. Kai Bird, who has been manning Hitchens's desk at the *New Statesman*, returns to his post here. Our felicitations to Christopher and to Eleni Meleagrou, whose wedding will take place June 18 in Cyprus.

The Unknown Zia

The assassination of the President of Bangladesh on May 30 summoned up the usual smatterings of ignorance in the Western press. "Zia was a cheerleader as ruler of Bangladesh," one newspaper headlined. He was "an honest man who lived frugally and worked grueling hours . . . maintained his reputation as a strong, honest and dedicated leader . . . [was] embarrassed by the charges of corruption around him . . . generally credited with restoring stability to the country," wrote Stuart Auerbach in his obituary for *The Washington Post*. Auerbach's obsequies for Maj. Gen. Ziaur Rahman were no better or worse than any of the other post-mortems of this fallen military dictator; all of them displayed the Western press's usual inability to convey more than a caricature of the Third World.

Assassinated in a hail of machine-gun fire after nearly six years of absolute rule, President Zia was not what he seemed to casual Western observers. His benign reputation abroad was in large measure a reflection of his ability to charm the foreign-aid bureaucracy. He effectively conned billions of dollars out of the U.S. Agency for International Development and the World Bank by scripting a good "development" show that featured himself making well-publicized helicopter visits to desperately poor villages.

Millions of tons of food aid were given to his regime to be sold through an urban-dominated rationing system exclusively serving what one confidential State Department document in 1976 called the politically crucial middle class. More than 70 percent of the government's budget was funded by foreign aid.

But none of this foreign largess was used to break the vicious cycle of dependency. Land reform, an essential step to attaining food self-sufficiency, was never on Zia's agenda. Quite the contrary; his agricultural programs, such as the World Bank's notorious deep-tube-well irrigation projects, inevitably enriched the rural elite and impoverished the landless agricultural workers and small farmers. [See Betsy Hartmann and James Boyce, "View From a Bangladesh Village," *The Nation*, March 4, 1978.]

Zia rose to the Presidency in 1975 through a series of betrayals of his closest colleagues. He was one of the few army officers who knew of the plan to assassinate leftist Sheik Mujibur Rahman on August 15, 1975. The plotters were a clique of conservative, American-trained Bengali intelligence officers led by a right-wing politician, Commerce Minister Moshtaque Ahmed. The American Embassy in Dacca may also have had prior knowledge of the August 15 coup. In any case, both the Americans and Zia kept their silence, and later Zia would allow Mujib's assassins to escape abroad. [See Lawrence Lifschultz and Bird, "Kissinger's Bangladesh Sideshow," *The Nation*, June 21, 1980.]

Then, in early November 1975, a countercoup took place in Dacca, and Zia was imprisoned. Four days later a radical uprising broke out among rank-and-file soldiers led by Col. Abu Taher. Zia was rescued by Taher from certain death in

his prison cell, and in an emotion-laden mass meeting Zia endorsed Taher's political manifesto, which included demands for land reform and election of army officers by the lowly *jawans* (soldiers).

It was at this critical meeting that Zia was chosen to head the new government. Within the month, he had Taher arrested on charges of mutiny, and in July 1976, Taher was condemned to death by a secret military court and subsequently hanged. Zia's betrayal of Taher, whose left-wing colleagues had built up a considerable organization of cells within the army, was to haunt him for the remainder of his time in power. Thousands of Zia's political opponents, particularly members of the National Socialist Party, of which Taher had been a member, were jailed. During the next five years, in the wake of numerous army uprisings, Zia had some 1,500 to 2,000 army and air force officers tried by special military courts and hanged. Such frequent and summary executions made Zia numerous enemies inside the ar-

my. It was only a matter of time before someone like Maj. Gen. Manzur Ahmad, the officer who led the assassins, would make another coup attempt. The deadly wheel of violence continued to turn: Manzur was himself murdered by the army escort taking him to stand trial in Dacca.

Bangladesh is now almost certainly entering a new period of political upheaval. Zia's successors are political nonentities and the army is thoroughly discredited. But after years of military repression, the left has been virtually shattered, and the social-democratic followers of the assassinated Mujibur Rahman seem intent only on settling old scores with the military. The army fears that any restoration of civilian rule will be accompanied by trials of army officers for their "political" crimes. An impasse has been reached which will probably only be broken by more violence. Such is Zia's legacy.

KAI BIRD

Kai Bird is associate editor of The Nation.

CENTRAL AMERICA WATCH.

Government security forces are carrying out a continuing series of search and seizure operations within the city limits of San Salvador. The brunt of repression still falls on the poorest neighborhoods, where disappearances continue unabated, but now wealthier neighborhoods are also being blocked off and searched. The operation has reportedly become a good deal more widespread and systematic of late, and this is attributed to a step-up in U.S. intelligence advisory activity in April.

■ Recent reports on the fighting in the countryside indicate that Morazán remains the most embattled area, followed by the departments of Chalatenango and Cabañas. Guerrilla forces are believed to control more than 50 percent of these three zones. Government forces are increasing their reliance on air strategy. In Morazán, they have a new tactic: a helicopter hovers over the target zone and drops 50- and 100-pound bombs, then two fighter planes alternately strafe the area. A similar operation was almost certainly involved last March in what has come to be known as the "painted cave massacre." The details of the massacre have never been fully revealed, though it is suspected that the number of casualties was more likely several hundred rather than in excess of 1,000, as originally reported. Refugees from the area say that civilians and guerrillas alike used man-made structures called "caves" as air-raid shelters. A peasant employed by the government troops in the area of Morazán where the massacre supposedly took place has confirmed that he was with an army division when it bombed one such shelter. The government troops called for air strikes without attempting to ascertain who was inside or offering them the chance to surrender. According to relief workers, there are more than 20,000 Salvadoran refugees along the Honduran border in northern Morazán and another 14,000 scattered in the camps north of Chalatenango and Cabañas.

■ The Salvadoran government has created some suspense by announcing the impending prosecution of the alleged killers of six U.S. citizens, namely the four Catholic women killed the first week of last December and the two agricultural advisers shot on January 3. In May, a judge was named for the trial of the six National Guardsmen accused of killing the women, but the accused have not been identified or presented to the press, and no date has been set for their trial. The prime suspect in the murders of the American Institute for Free Labor Development advisers Michael Hammer and Mark Pearlman is Ricardo Sol Neza, considered to be something of a black sheep in the Salvadoran oligarchy. His indictment is all the more controversial because he was accompanied by National Guard officer Dennis Moran the night of the shooting. Moran has been named as a witness.

At the same time, the government is holding nearly 200 official political prisoners in three prisons. They include Hector Bernabé Recinos, head of Fenastras, El Salvador's largest independent labor union, and eleven other major labor leaders. They have been incarcerated at Santa Tecla since last August 22, when they were arrested by government forces during a work stoppage. They have been held without formal charges, and no trial date has been set. Their lawyers have been unable to learn what the charges will be. "So far as we know," Recinos said last week, "we're null." Also imprisoned are Rafael Antonio Carias, a member of ANDES, the Salvadoran schoolteachers' union, who was horribly tortured with sulfuric acid by police before he was taken to Santa Tecla; Francisco Quezada, a reporter for the news agency ACAN-EFE; and Francisco Ramirez Abelar, an editor with the now defunct opposition newspaper *El Independiente*. The three men are also ignorant of the charges against them or when they will be tried. "But we are the lucky ones," said one of the prisoners last week. "There are more than 300 dead and 'disappeared' for every legally detained political prisoner in this country."

VARIATIONS.

CALVIN TRILLIN

When I first heard that the MacArthur Foundation was trying to find a couple of dozen citizens to support for five years, in the hope that one of them might produce a work of genius, I naturally started scheming for a way to climb aboard. I don't mean that it was the only iron I had in the fire. I had submitted an entry to the Reader's Digest Sweepstakes which made me eligible for a first prize of \$100,000, with no obligation to subscribe. I had in my possession what purported to be transcripts of taps made on the telephone calls Prince Charles put in to Lady Diana while he was visiting Washington, and I figured I might be able to sell them to some West German sheet like *Der Stern* for a small fortune if the Boches didn't get suspicious about how often Prince Charles seemed to use the word "twit" in describing American officials ("You wouldn't believe this twit from California they have as Deputy Secretary of State, Di. He keeps referring to Mum as Queen Juliana"). Still, I thought the MacArthur Foundation was my best shot. I had read in *Chicago* magazine that the foundation was particularly eager to pour money on people "with intellects not readily defined"—which I interpreted as a cleaned-up version of precisely what my high school algebra teacher was always saying about me.



At first, I thought I would simply accompany my application for unconditional largess with letters of support from people who could testify to just how truly difficult to define my intellect has always been—something like "I find him absolutely unfathomable" or "I can't imagine what he thinks he's up to" or "cockamamie is the word that leaps to mind." I figured that the MacArthur people, who talked a lot about risking their money on the possibility of genius, would then see me as just the sort of indecipherable wacko they apparently considered most likely to make "discoveries or other significant contributions to society." Reading the *Chicago* piece more closely, though, I discovered that applications for the Prize Fellows Program were not being accepted. Names were being submitted by a secret committee of a hundred scouts who would never reveal their identity even to the Prize Fellows they put on Easy Street. The most innocent-looking citizen could be, in reality, an undercover genius-hunter—someone to whom I would have to give evidence of being the sort of breakthrough guy who, freed from the wretched bill collectors for five years, might just come up with a rhyme for Natchitoches or discover a cure for plastic.

"I'm reminded of a little experiment I've been carrying on in Nova Scotia on production levels in totally neglected apple trees," I said to a taxi-driver the next day on the way uptown, meanwhile sliding over to get a better angle for checking whether his beard looked real or pasted on.

"Eighth Avenue reminds you?" he said. He started shaking his head back and forth. "Eighth Avenue reminds him of apple trees," he repeated.

Was he feeling me out? "The implications for the question of energy conservation alone are enormous," I said. "And the whole area of human sloth remains unexplored, I mean from a boffo breakthrough point of view."

"Is that the right-hand side of Forty-third and Eighth you want or the left?" he said.

Maybe he really was a taxi-driver, I decided the next day. I had shifted my suspicion to a plumber who arrived to fix a clogged drain.

"You're not the fellow they usually send, are you?" I asked, casually inspecting his clothing for signs that he might really be an assistant professor of comparative literature who, failing to get tenure at Northwestern, agreed to go undercover for MacArthur.

"He's out today," the plumber said.

"The poetry I've done—the indication of the sort of poetry I might be capable of doing—hasn't been widely read by the lay public," I said. "The epic poem I wrote during the Time-Life International Industrial Development Conference in 1957—'Ode to Combined Assets of Thirty Billion and Other Holdings'—was, in a manner of speaking, privately published. As to the sonnet I turned out during the same period in honor of my landlady, a certain Mrs. Krupevitch, a close textual analysis would indicate—"

"I think I forgot some tools," the alleged plumber said, edging toward the door.

"The area of social science is what I think of as my crossover field," I said. "It's in a sort of idea-generating dynamic combination with agronomy and the tango. My current project—uncompleted only for lack of funding, I might say—is an appearance/personality survey among white males age 30 to 47 on the correlation between designer jeans and wonks. So far—"

"Gotta get back to the shop," the plumber said. "Forgot my whatchacallit." He flung open the door and vanished.

Was I disappointed when the list of Prize Fellows came out and my name wasn't on it? Who wouldn't have been? I had made certain sacrifices: the drain was still clogged. Also, I had just learned that the Reader's Digest had awarded its prizes in February without my knowledge. The Germans had indeed proved suspicious of the Prince Charles transcripts' authenticity. ("Aside from what appears to be an attempt to make the speaker sound English by an overuse of the word 'twit,' we find it impossible to believe that an American Deputy Secretary of State could have really revealed himself to be under the impression that the House of Orange is a California juice-bar franchise.") Still, I did not join the chorus criticizing the MacArthur Foundation for having selected mainly established types who had for years been considered worthy of a flier by such long-shot players as the Ford Foundation and the tenure committee of Harvard. It might have looked like sour grapes. Also, I would hate to see MacArthur react by going too far in the direction of the noncredentialed: One of the Prize Fellows next year might be a cabdriver with creative ideas for an apple-tree project.

UNDERSTATEMENTS.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

In Dubious Battle

On a visit to London during his country's struggle for independence, Mahatma Gandhi was asked his opinion of Western civilization. He replied that he thought it would be a very good idea. A cynical and narrow-minded view, of course, and just the sort of thing you would expect from a man once described by Winston Churchill as "a half-naked fakir." Western civilization is a real and living tradition, distilled from the best of the Greeks and the best of the Jews, and rooted in reason, skepticism and dialectics. If it means any one thing, it means that the spirit of inquiry and contestation must never be repressed, in case the wells of the mind should run suddenly dry. Which is why I was alarmed to read a few days ago that President Ronald Reagan had unilaterally abolished self-doubt.

I take it that Presidential speeches to West Point graduates are written some time in advance of delivery, and that we may eliminate the suspicion of an off-the-cuff blunder. There it was in black and white; the fresh-faced soldiers matriculating for the next war and their Commander in Chief telling them, and here I quote, that "the era of self-doubt is over."

Were you consulted about this, dear voter? Did you expect the President to sign into law a provision of this sort? As a non-American, it never seemed to me or any other inhabitant of the planet that America was plagued with much in the way of agonizing introspection. It went on looking to us like a very large, very rich, very powerful and very determined country. True, there was a brief tear-stained interlude under James Earl Carter when it seemed as if there might be a worry or two about how best to use this power, even about how wise it was to rely on muscle alone. *That* didn't last long, did it? Still, the idea that "the era of self-doubt is over" takes a bit of getting used to. Would you trust an individual who told you that his or her doubts were a thing of the past? Given that the President may have to "launch on warning" at a few minutes' notice one day, I think I would prefer to have Hamlet at the control panel than somebody with the facile assurance of a Moonie.

In many ways, come to think of it, the figures of the present Administration do resemble the inner core of a cult. They have the same chirpy confidence in the idea of leadership, the same reliance on Panglossian nostrums of self-improvement, the same outward cheerfulness combined with the same narrowing of the eyes when they encounter doubt or disagreement. They have the same reluctance to believe in coincidence or complexity; the same conviction that anything that happens is somehow planned or organized—if not by the enemy then at least by themselves. For such people, self-doubt has no part in their calculations. It amounts to a version of weakness or even treachery. "Doubt," remarked Goethe, "grows with knowledge." What philosophers suspected, modern scientists will con-

firm. The more they discover, the less certain they are about anything. Whether in religious disputation, intellectual inquiry or scientific experiment, there is nothing more deadly dangerous than the man who *knows* he is right. As Jacobo Timerman puts it, "the chief obsession of the totalitarian mind lies in its need for the world to be clear-cut and orderly. Any subtlety, contradiction and complexity upsets and confuses this notion and becomes intolerable. . . ."

☆ ☆ ☆

During the last war, the British government was sufficiently worried about English attitudes toward Americans to commission a public opinion poll on the subject. Several thousands of American servicemen were based in the country, and with many British men serving overseas and American pay packets much larger than those of our own brave boys and girls, it was feared that jealousy might result. The government need not have worried. The poll showed that Americans were popular, that their generosity was appreciated (I remember my mother telling me that the few square meals she had were provided by G.I.s) and that their contribution to the war effort was admired. George Orwell wrote an article on these findings, and cited the case of a dear old lady who ran a country pub near an American air base. She was invited to give her views on our trans-Atlantic allies. "Oh, I think they're lovely," she said. "So well-spoken and so kind—and never any trouble at closing time. Americans—I'm all for 'em." No problems at all? she was asked. "Well, I'm not sure I like some of the white ones they bring over with them."

This tale has a rather bittersweet quality, does it not? Who in the modern world could possibly mistake America for a black nation? Its foreign policy is whiter than white. Its leading government cadres likewise. More than that, the status of black Americans seems hardly to be an issue any more. A depressing series in *The New York Times* reveals what a low priority the question has become, and sees blacks bracing themselves for a period of neglect and isolation. I well remember, last autumn, during your election campaign, attending a liberal fund-raising party in New York City. Moving around the glittering apartment, I noticed two things. First, there were no black guests. Second, all those handing round drinks and canapés were black. On a liberal occasion, it seemed to me that you could have one or the other, but not both, of those phenomena. I asked the host about it. He looked puzzled for a moment and then said, "Oh, *that*. Out of style." I admired his candor, and his politician's instinct for scenting a nonissue.

British people have little to be proud of on this score. Leaving aside the treatment of our former colonies, we have still failed to take seriously the discovery that we are a multinational society. The inevitable consequences of alienation and violence have followed. Those of us in Britain who argue for a different policy are fond of citing the American 1960s, and of saying that we should learn from the American lessons. It would be easier to make this case if America carried on learning from them as well.

ARTICLES.

■ REPORT FROM JACKSON

The Racism Lingers On

JAMES A. GOODMAN

In a glass case in the library at the predominantly black Tougaloo College, on the northern outskirts of Jackson, Mississippi, are displayed newspaper clippings that provide a reminder of that city's recent history. "Mississippi, last of the Deep South states to avoid overt race demonstrations," the Jackson *Clarion-Ledger* reported twenty years ago, "was the target . . . of a 'study-in' incident staged by nine Negro college students entering Jackson's main public library building." The police response to the protests sparked by the arrest of the "Tougaloo Nine" was recorded by the *State Times's* front-page photograph captioned "Snarling Dogs of Police Block Demonstrators Here." Jackson police continued to make news in the months that followed, as scores of Freedom Riders—attempting to desegregate the city's public transportation facilities—were rounded up by Capt. J. L. Ray and his "antimix" squad.

Jackson, two decades later, projects a new image. Its Chamber of Commerce now hands out slick brochures advertising the city as the "heart of the Sun Belt." *Family Circle* magazine, in 1977, listed Jackson as one of the "22 Places in the Sun Belt Where There's Work and Good Living." More recently, *U.S. News & World Report* said this about Jackson: "Today, blacks and whites mingle in schools and factories, on buses and in places of business. They share tables in restaurants."

Segregation and discrimination, to be sure, are officially banned in Jackson, as elsewhere. But a survey last year commissioned by the Lawyers' Committee for Civil Rights Under Law, based on interviews with hundreds of Jackson residents, suggests that more than a residue of racism exists. Racial concern—sometimes expressed in blatantly bigoted language (such as "I don't want a Nigra representing me")—was often found to be behind white opposition to a 1977 referendum proposing that Jackson's "at-large" method of electing public officials be changed. This system, common to the South, dilutes black voting strength because the governing officials are chosen in districtwide elections rather than by wards, some of which have a predominantly black population. The result is that the white majority in a city can monopolize control over local government. In Jackson, for example, no black has ever been elected to the three-member body (consisting of the mayor and two at-

large commissioners) that has governed the city for the past sixty-nine years. Yet blacks make up nearly 47 percent of the city's 203,000 inhabitants.

The Jackson Police Department continues to be a major source of racial tension, seven years after city officials signed a consent decree for hiring more minority officers and four years after the Southern Regional Office of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights found a "firm conviction of many citizens of Jackson that they have been victimized rather than served by their police department." Significantly, after assuming office in 1977, Mayor Dale Danks Jr.'s administration looked outside the Jackson Police Department for a new Chief of Police. Ray Pope, who served as Georgia's Commissioner of Public Safety when Jimmy Carter was governor, was hired. But Pope, like his predecessor Lavell Tullos, has resisted independent review of police practices, refusing to establish (as the Civil Rights Commission recommended) a "biracial" citizen advisory committee, and has shunned close ties with Jackson's black leadership. During the past two years, Pope's handling of two highly questionable police shootings that involved white officers and black victims further indicates that he, too, is unwilling to challenge the Old Guard that still controls the Jackson Police Department.

Serious doubts about Chief Pope's performance were raised by his actions following an April 1979 police shooting. Two 15-year-old black youths, Melvin Brown and Stanford Young, had pirated a diesel truck and led police on a wild chase through the streets and outlying routes of Jackson, at the height of the Easter floods. Their joy ride came to an abrupt halt when they collided with an unoccupied car parked on a bridge bordering the city. Although both Brown and Young were unarmed, as many as seven policemen, using shotguns and high-powered pistols, fired at them when they got out of the vehicle. Young suffered body wounds. Brown was more seriously hurt, having been shot in the neck and the legs. Even after the wounded Brown leaped into the river below, a policeman fired in his direction.

Police Chief Pope has never disciplined the officers. They were merely placed on administrative leave for about a day while homicide detectives made a rush investigation. Two weeks after this incident, Pope implied that only one officer had discharged his weapon during the arrest of Brown and Young—an assertion disproved by sworn statements submitted by officers at the scene. So blatantly false was Pope's remark that the president of the Jackson N.A.A.C.P., Fred Banks Jr., called for his dismissal. To this day, Pope refuses to comment on the propriety of his officers' behavior in the shooting.

Additional questions about Pope's control over his officers arose in another incident. Last August 29, Jackson police were summoned to a largely lower-middle-class neighborhood where Dorothy Brown, a 30-year-old nurse's aide who was five months pregnant, had exchanged gunfire with the brother of a person with whom she had fought

James A. Goodman is the Washington representative of the Committee for Public Justice Inc., a national civil liberties organization.

shortly before. Brown had been drinking, but by the time police arrived, she had calmed down. Ordered by Officer Gary King to drop the .22-caliber pistol she was holding, Brown refused. The white policeman fired, wounding Brown in each arm. When she continued to cling to the gun, King shot her twice more in the chest. Brown died soon after from her wounds.

Pope suspended King following the incident, and at one point reportedly sought his resignation. But scarcely two weeks after the shooting and before King's actions were reviewed by a grand jury, Pope reinstated him in the face of protests from King's supporters within the Jackson Police Department who had rallied behind King and threatened to strike. Black officers who criticized King were said to have been harassed by fellow officers.

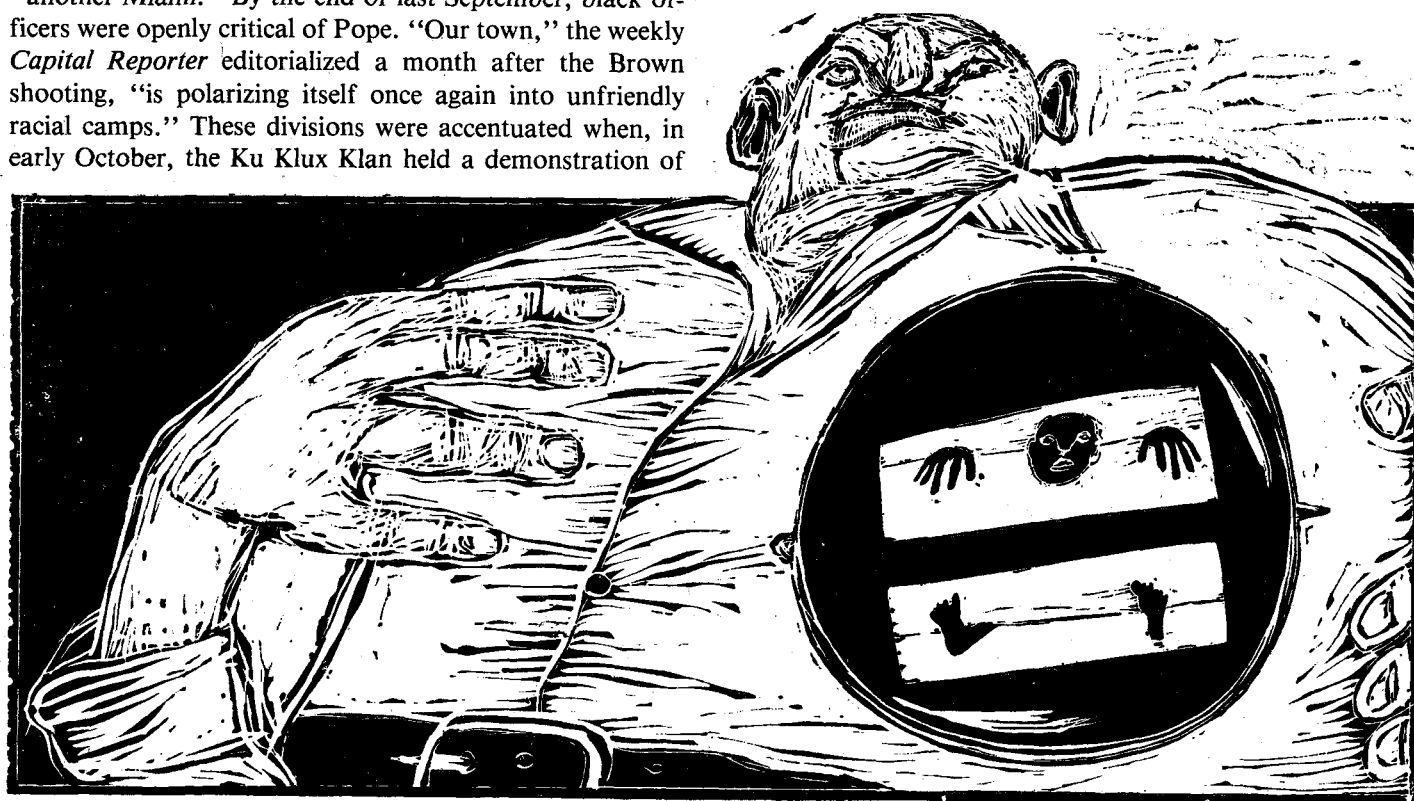
The police chief's September 10 press release summarizing the results of the department's internal investigation of the Brown shooting flatly asserted, as police and several eyewitnesses claimed, that Brown was "swinging" her gun when she was shot. But Pope made no mention of the numerous other witnesses who swore that Brown had been holding the gun at her side or behind her back. Pope also readily dismissed as "understandable" King's false statement to police investigators that the first of the four shots was fired in warning. Nor did the chief note that King only amended the account after Brown's autopsy showed four bullet wounds. And Pope, as *The Clarion-Ledger* disclosed, later shelved a proposed clarification of the Police Department's "deadly force" regulations, possibly to dampen any speculation that stricter standards were needed in the wake of the Dorothy Brown shooting.

Pope's behavior further alienated Jackson's black community. There was fear that the city would become "another Miami." By the end of last September, black officers were openly critical of Pope. "Our town," the weekly *Capital Reporter* editorialized a month after the Brown shooting, "is polarizing itself once again into unfriendly racial camps." These divisions were accentuated when, in early October, the Ku Klux Klan held a demonstration of

"support" for the local police—the first Klan show of force in Jackson in twenty years. All in all, the Brown case demonstrated how Mayor Danks, who won re-election on June 2 despite a challenge from black independent Henry Kirksey, has been no more successful than the previous administration in holding Jackson police accountable for unnecessary use of deadly force.

Statewide, Mississippi blacks have fared better in securing local representation than in Jackson. By 1980, they held 387 elective state offices. The number of blacks registered to vote in Mississippi had increased almost tenfold in the decade following the enactment of the 1965 Voting Rights Act. But the flexing of black power at the polls has not gone unnoticed. Since 1966, Mississippi legislators have worked—so far unsuccessfully—to establish an "open primary" system that would make it more difficult for third-party and independent candidates to compete in the general election. The proposed change would mandate that all candidates run in the open primary; if none received a majority, only the top two vote-getters would be on the ballot in the final election. Under the present system, independents can enter the general election—as was recently done in Jackson—without incurring an expensive primary campaign. The law would particularly hurt black candidates alienated from the state Democratic and Republican organizations. Under the "preclearance" provision of the Voting Rights Act, the Justice Department has twice interposed objections to this revision in Mississippi election law. The state has now taken its case to Federal court.

Mississippi blacks also continue to be shut out of national offices; none have served in the House of Representatives or the U.S. Senate since Reconstruction. The state's lawmakers, anticipating the increased black voter registra-



tion in the 1960s, redrew the boundaries for Congressional districts so that the heavily black-populated Delta vote would be diluted. Mississippi also bears the dubious distinction of being one of the few states of the old Confederacy not to be represented by a black on the Federal bench. To make matters worse, L.T. Senter Jr., the last Federal judge to be appointed in the state, was confirmed amid unresolved allegations about a racial slur he supposedly made. [See Goodman and Dorothy Samuels, "What Senter Said," *The Nation*, June 23, 1979.] In December 1979, minutes before Congress recessed for the year, Mississippi Democratic Senator John Stennis railroaded Senter's nomination through the Senate, assuring his fellow Senators that "nigger," the word Senter was alleged to have used, "is not necessarily an insult, in earlier days not anyway."

Mississippi today lacks the "whites only" signs of its past. But the racism and resistance to integration persist, albeit more subtly. The Federal role in enforcing civil rights in Mississippi has always been reluctant and inadequate. Still, it has been more than a decade since an Administration has come to Washington with such a shaky commitment to civil rights. Not surprisingly, the Reagan Justice Department rejected pleas from civil rights leaders that it intervene to insure that votes from predominantly white areas improperly annexed by the city were not counted in Jackson's elections on June 2. And it remains to be seen whether the Justice

Department will object if these votes are included in the total.

President Reagan, who raised the "States' rights" banner in a Mississippi speech at the outset of his Presidential campaign last August, has continued to develop this theme in office. Although Reagan's advisers package this philosophy as the "new federalism," the message to Mississippi and other states is clear. □

■ RULINGS AND STOCKHOLDINGS

The High Court's Conflict of Interest Problem

GILBERT CRANBERG

In 1969, the U.S. Senate rejected the appointment of Federal District judge Clement Haynsworth to the Supreme Court after it was disclosed that he had sat on cases in which he had financial interests. The Senators questioned his "ethical sensitivity." Consequently, when the wealthy Lewis Powell was nominated a couple of years later, members of the Senate Judiciary Committee zeroed in on the extensive stock investments of Powell and his wife, which Powell had disclosed to the committee. Pressed to tell how he would avoid conflicts and appearances of impropriety, Powell declared:

I would endeavor promptly to limit my list of investments so as properly to comply with the letter and spirit of the canons [of ethics]. There are some investments I would certainly wish to retain; I mentioned one of the major ones [Sperry & Hutchinson]. There are several others that are involved in corporations which I have represented over many years. If they should be involved in litigation in court—certainly for the foreseeable future—I would not take part in it.

An exchange with Senator Hiram Fong of Hawaii ensued:

Fong: In other words, you will reduce your holdings in these various corporations to holdings in a few companies?

Powell: That will be my objective. I will have some problems, as I stated to Senator Bayh. There are several companies which, for one reason or another, I will not be able certainly in the foreseeable future to get out of.

The Senators were impressed. One after another, they rose on the floor of the Senate to speak of Powell's promise to sell off his stock and to extol his high ethics. Typical of the tributes to Powell was that of Senator Marlow Cook, Republican of Kentucky:

Mr. Powell is a man of substantial personal wealth, including stock in major corporations which are potential parties to litigation ultimately to be decided by the Supreme

Gilbert Cranberg is editor of the editorial pages of The Des Moines Register and The Des Moines Tribune.

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Court. Mr. Powell has agreed to divest himself of all but a few of these holdings, and to disqualify himself from cases where he may still retain an interest, however small. He also said that in regard to these and other major corporations that he has represented that he would "lean over backward" to avoid the appearance of impropriety. The committee, very properly, was satisfied with his past and future ethical and personal conduct.

A study of the financial-disclosure statements required by the Ethics in Government Act of 1978 makes it possible to assess how well Powell lived up to his promises. His disclosure statement for 1979, filed last year, shows that Powell and his wife did indeed dispose of stock in many of the companies in which they had an interest in 1971. They retained stock in five companies—Commonwealth Natural Resources, Ethyl, Freeport Minerals, Philip Morris and Sperry & Hutchinson—to which Powell had such close ties that he could not "get out of" them, as he told Senator Fong, even if he sold the stock. But, while they reduced the number of companies in which they owned stock, the Powells also purchased stock in new companies.

I asked Powell to explain his stock acquisitions. Powell replied through Barrett McGurn, the Supreme Court's public information officer, that three of the firms in which he made new investments—Dome Mines, Inco and Northern Telecom—are Canadian companies that were not likely to have business before the Court. However, each of these companies either has extensive interests in the United States or has ties to companies that do.

McGurn said Powell believed that the dozen or so non-Canadian companies listed in the 1979 report as having been added to his and his wife's portfolio after he joined the Court were unlikely to be before the Court often. These included such major enterprises as Texas Instruments, Hewlett-Packard and Johnson & Johnson.

Johnson & Johnson is a far-flung health-care-products company with nineteen subsidiaries. The firm's 1979 annual report stated: "The company is involved in numerous product-liability cases in the United States, a large majority of which concern contraceptive products. . . . The company received in 1978 subpoenas or civil investigative demands from the U.S. antitrust agencies inquiring into patent licensing practices and the promotion and marketing of RhoGAM and brand Rh Immune Globulin. . . . In addition, the company is involved in a number of patent, trademark, private antitrust and other lawsuits incidental to its business."

The Code of Judicial Conduct warns judges to "refrain from financial and business dealings that tend to reflect adversely" on their impartiality. They are advised not to make investments that require frequent disqualification. A spouse's holdings are regarded as raising the same conflict of interest as they would if they were in the judge's name.

By these criteria, Powell and his wife were unwise to acquire stock in Johnson & Johnson and other companies after Powell became a Supreme Court Justice, especially in view of his public pledge to dispose of stockholdings. The more companies in which a Justice or his spouse owns stock,

the greater the likelihood of conflicts of interest and hence the more cases from which he must disqualify himself.

The dubious wisdom of the purchase of Johnson & Johnson stock was underscored early last year when a case involving one of the company's subsidiaries, Ethicon, came before the Supreme Court in a petition for certiorari. Perhaps not realizing that Ethicon was an offshoot of Johnson & Johnson, Powell failed to go on record as disqualifying himself from the decision on whether the Court would hear the case. Under Federal law and the Code of Judicial Conduct, ignorance of Ethicon's Johnson & Johnson tie was no excuse. Both require Federal judges to know about their investments. They must remove themselves from all cases in which they or their spouses have a financial interest, "however small."

Justice Potter Stewart also owned Johnson & Johnson stock in 1980, and also failed to be recorded as disqualified from the Ethicon case. Stewart had bought his Johnson & Johnson stock while the Ethicon case was pending before the Supreme Court. Actually, Stewart owns stock in more companies than does Powell. During 1979 and early 1980, Stewart breached the law and the ethics code at least three times. In addition to the lapse in the Ethicon case, Stewart did not publicly disqualify himself from Court deliberations resulting in its refusal to review *Big Three Industrial Gas &*

THE POWELLS' HOLDINGS—BEFORE AND AFTER

Stock owned by Lewis Powell or his wife when Powell was named to the Supreme Court in 1971.	Stock owned by the Powells during all or part of 1979 as revealed by financial-disclosure statement filed in 1980.
1971	1979
Allegheny Power System American Hospital Supply American Telephone & Telegraph Anheuser Busch Chesapeake Corp. of Virginia Chesterfield Land & Timber Chesterfield Land Investments Coastal States Gas Producing Commonwealth Natural Resources Dome Petroleum Eastman Kodak Ethyl Corp. First Colony Life Insurance Florida National Bank Freeport Minerals Garfinkel-Brooks Bros., Miller & Rhoads General Electric International Business Machines International Telephone & Telegraph Kraftco Media General Merck Philadelphia Quarry Philip Morris Rank Organization Richmond Corp. Sperry & Hutchinson Standard Oil of New Jersey Swift Creek Investment United Corp. United Virginia Bankshares United Virginia Bank/State Planters Virginia Electric & Power Xerox	Anheuser Busch Avon Products Caterpillar Tractor Chesapeake Corp. of Virginia Commonwealth Natural Resources Connecticut General Mortgage & Realty Investments Dome Mines Dome Petroleum Ethyl Corp. Freeport Minerals Hewlett-Packard Inco James River Corp. of Virginia Johnson & Johnson New England Nuclear Corp. Northern Telecom Philip Morris Sperry & Hutchinson State National Bancorp. Sundstrand Corp. Texas Instruments Virginia Real Estate Inv. (Does not include stock held in various trusts.)

Equipment Co. v. National Labor Relations Board and Amoco Production Co. v. Federal Energy Regulatory Commission. Stewart owned stock in Big Three and had a financial interest in Standard Oil of Indiana, the parent company of Amoco, at the time that the Court acted.

During this same thirteen-month period, Powell violated the law and ethics code on at least one other occasion besides the Ethicon matter. He was not listed as disqualified in the case of *Friedman v. Avon Products*, which the Court

declined to review, despite his ownership of Avon stock.

Supreme Court spokesman McGurn contends that the absence of a public disqualification by a Justice does not necessarily mean that he did not remove himself from the case. According to McGurn, a Justice may take no part in the disposition of a case yet not announce it. But such a procedure would prevent any monitoring of the Justices' compliance with the law and the ethics code. The clear purpose of both is to eliminate the appearance of impropriety by compelling Justices publicly to state whether they have removed themselves from a case.

The most recent financial-disclosure statements for 1980, filed May 15, show that the Powells and the Stewarts disposed of stock in some companies (including Johnson & Johnson in the case of the Powells) but that both Justices or their spouses continued to invest in additional enterprises. The new acquisitions included purchases of stock in General Electric by Stewart and in Schlumberger Ltd. by Powell.

Haynsworth's ethical problems with the Senate grew out of the widespread nature of his stockholdings. This made it difficult for him to recall the name of every company, subsidiary and affiliate in which he had an interest. Powell and Stewart did not profit from Haynsworth's experience. Only after *The Des Moines Register* reported the conflict in the Ethicon and other cases did the Supreme Court adopt a rule requiring corporate litigants to reveal to the Court the names of their parent companies, subsidiaries and affiliates.

Warren Burger, Harry Blackmun and William Rehnquist are the other Justices with stock investments. They have an easier time avoiding conflicts of interest because their investments are limited to a few companies, but even among Justices with small portfolios there has been extraordinary carelessness. Chief Justice Burger, who owns stock only in Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing (3M) and Honeywell, took himself out of a recent decision in a patent case involving employees of Honeywell, but he was not listed as disqualified when the Court earlier voted to take the case.

Further problems are created when several Justices own stock in the same enterprises. Stewart and Powell both have had interests in Connecticut General Mortgage & Realty Investments, in addition to Johnson & Johnson. Burger and Blackmun have been longtime investors in 3M. Astonishingly, Stewart's wife also acquired 3M stock during 1980. Since the affirmative votes of four Justices are needed for the Court to agree to review a case, the disqualification of two or three Justices could greatly diminish a litigant's chances of winning review. With one-third of the Court owning stock in 3M, the chances are diminished for any case involving 3M to be accepted for review by the nation's highest court.

In theory, at least, stock ownership should pose no problems to a Supreme Court Justice since he need only disqualify himself from any case in which he has a financial interest. But disqualification is a poor remedy, especially on the Supreme Court, where substitute Justices cannot be brought in. In addition to making it harder for appellants to get their cases reviewed, disqualification denies litigants a



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Silence

(Continued From Front Cover)

York City on May 21 for Mario Gorenstein, president of the Delegation of Jewish Associations of Argentina. Gorenstein, a lawyer, dissociated himself and the organized Jewish community of Argentina from Timerman. "We don't seek to have publicity spectacles, nor are we trying to win any prizes," he was quoted as saying by *The New York Times*. "We are seeking security and dignity for all Jews in Argentina in the way we think is best."

Last December, several months prior to the publication of Timerman's book, his views were challenged in a more extreme fashion in an article entitled, "Don't Rescue Latin American Jews" by Benno Weiser Varon, which was published in *Midstream*, a monthly journal of the Theodor Herzl Foundation. "The case of Jacobo Timerman was not, as alleged, 'another Dreyfus Affair,' " according to Varon. "Nor was Timerman another Shcharansky, a 'prisoner of conscience,' a refusenik, a dissenter, or a martyr for freedom of the press and freedom of speech." As Varon sees it, Timerman's ordeal of imprisonment without charges, torture and then house arrest over a period of two and a half years is attributable to the fact that an investor in his newspaper named David Graiver was an international swindler who disappeared in 1977 as his financial empire was coming apart. Varon seems to think that he is rebutting the charges about anti-Semitism when he writes that "the Jew Graiver was beyond their reach, so they [the Argentine military] wanted to hold onto the Jew Timerman. The many interventions on his behalf, which included one by the White House and another by the Pope, only increased their fury."

The organized American Jewish community is not unanimous in attempting to downplay anti-Semitism in Argentina. Rabbi Morton Rosenthal, director of the Latin American Affairs Department of the Anti-Defamation League, writes and speaks frequently about Argentine anti-Semitism. In an article in the January 1981 *ADL Bulletin*, he reported an "ominous resurgence of overt anti-Semitism since July 1980" following "a period of relative calm since October 1979." Rosenthal enumerates a series of bombings of synagogues and of Jewish schools, cites examples of blatantly anti-Semitic programming on government-owned television stations and recounts instances of especially vicious tortures of Jews, solely because they were Jews, in Argentine prisons. But Rosenthal wages a fairly lonely battle. When he compiled a list of 1,200 names of Jewish prisoners in Argentina, he had to note that "the Argentine Jewish community has not seen fit to cooperate or lend any assistance in the compilation of lists."

Anyone who is familiar with the prodigious efforts that

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Jewish organizations have mounted to rescue the Jews of the Soviet Union and the great outcry by Jewish organizations over a few incidents of anti-Semitism in France might be puzzled by the very different reaction to anti-Semitism in Argentina. Is it because the Soviet Union is anti-Israel and because France, at least under Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, had decidedly cool relations with Israel while Argentina generally supports Israel in international bodies like the United Nations? I don't think so. Is it because Jews are sympathetic to the right-wing military junta that governs Argentina? No, I cannot believe that they are. Then why?

In my view, the attacks on Jacobo Timerman and Anthony Lewis and the effort to downplay Argentine anti-Semitism by the organized Jewish community of Argentina and by much of the organized American Jewish community are attributable to the fact that Argentine Jews are both organized and imperiled. That is not the case with respect to the Jews of the Soviet Union or of France. The Jews of the Soviet Union are imperiled but not organized; the Jews of France are organized but not imperiled. The situation of the Jews in Argentina is analogous to, though less dire than, I trust, the situation of the Jews in Germany in the 1930s. The German Jewish community was highly organized; it had very sophisticated leadership, and its situation was desperate.

What should a Jewish leader do under such circumstances? It is a terrible question. There are nearly 400,000 Jews in Argentina, almost as many as in Germany in the 1930s. Unlike the Jews of the Soviet Union who have little to lose, they have a great stake in Argentina. Few are as prominent or as successful as Jacobo Timerman—who owned a great newspaper and other publishing enterprises before the Argentine government confiscated them—but many do very well in a country that, despite its monumental economic problems, boasts a high degree of affluence. The Jews of Argentina do not want to have to flee their country. They want to survive in Argentina. Is it any wonder, then, that the leaders of the Jewish community seek an amelioration of its circumstances in Argentina? They do not want to increase the fury of the Argentine military, as Benno Varon suggests happened when the White House and the Pope intervened to save the Jew Timerman who had been arrested because the Jew Graiver couldn't be found. They may even react as (according to Varon) *La Luz*, Argentina's oldest Jewish periodical, reacted to Rabbi Rosenthal—with an editorial headed: "ADL Go Home! No One Needs You Here."

In Germany, the organized Jewish community was coerced by the Nazis to react in that way. On March 30, 1933, the Berlin Jüdische Gemeinde (the organized Jewish community) sent a telegram to the American Jewish Committee:

According to newspaper reports, atrocity and boycott propaganda against Germany is continuing overseas, apparently in part also by Jewish organizations. As Germans and Jews, we must enter a decisive protest against this. The dissemination of untrue reports can only bring harm, affecting the reputation of our German fatherland, endangering

the relations of the Jews with their fellow citizens. Please try urgently to see to it that every atrocity and boycott propaganda report is halted.

That telegram was sent five days after a meeting between Hermann Goering and a group of German Jewish leaders, among them Heinrich Stahl, president of the Berlin Jüdische Gemeinde. Goering had demanded that Stahl and his colleagues put a stop to reports of Nazi violence against Jews that were appearing in newspapers around the world. Three days after the telegram was sent, Joseph Goebbels issued a public warning to the Jews of the world: "The more they speak of it [Nazi violence against Jews in Germany], the more acute becomes the Jewish question, and once the world begins to concern itself with this question, it will be solved to the detriment of the Jews." (Compare that statement with the American Jewish Congress's statement that Anthony Lewis's articles have "further compromised the already precarious condition of Argentina's Jews.")

I do not know whether the Argentine military junta has threatened or pressured leaders of the Argentine Jewish community in the way that Goering and Goebbels threatened Jews in the 1930s but it has good reason to seek the Argentine Jewish community's absolution of the charges of anti-Semitism. These charges have become a central issue in the U.S. Congress's debate on resuming military aid to Argentina. On May 8, James Buckley, Under Secretary of State for Security Assistance, Science and Technology, submitted a statement on the subject to the House Foreign Affairs Committee:

During the security forces war against terrorism from 1974-1978, many Argentine Jews were victims. However, most observers, including leaders of the Argentine Jewish community, deny this reflected an effort to single out Jews,

noting that individuals of Jewish origin were members of educated/intellectual groups targeted by the security forces. . . .

[A]ccording to the Argentine Jewish community, those outside Argentina who state that Argentine Jews and Soviet Jews are in the same situation do a grave disservice to Argentine Jews.

Perhaps there has been no threat from the junta against the Argentine Jewish community. Perhaps Argentine Jewish leaders understand the threat without its being made explicit. Should they be faulted if they succumb to such threats, even if unspoken or implicit?

No easy answer is possible. As Jewish leaders, they feel responsible for the safety—and the "security and dignity," as Gorenstein puts it—of the Jewish community in Argentina. Yet they must be reminded of some of the judgments that history has made of their counterparts in Nazi Germany. The harshest judgment—perhaps too harsh—is Raul Hilberg's in his monumental account, *Destruction of the European Jews*. Hilberg wrote that:

the *Reichsvereinigung* and the *Kultusgemeinden* (the groups that federated the Jewish community organizations of Germany) were *not* puppets picked by the Germans to control the more unruly elements of the Jewish population. The Germans had not created the *Reichsvereinigung*; they had taken it over. The Germans had not deposed or installed any Jewish leaders. Rabbi Leo Baeck, Direktor Stahl, Dr. Hirsch, and all the others *were* the Jewish leaders. The Germans controlled the Jewish leadership, and that leadership, in turn, controlled the Jewish community. This system was foolproof. Truly, the Jewish communal organizations had become a self-destructive machine.

In the 1930s, some American Jewish organizations took their cue from statements by leaders of the German Jewish



community. It is the same today. Some American Jewish organizations are guided by statements from leaders of the Argentine Jewish community. Certainly, such statements cannot, must not, be ignored. It would be foolish and cruel to discount the views of those who confront the immediate problems of hundreds of thousands of Jews doing their best to maintain their way of life. No such problems confront American Jewish organizations when they turn their attention to the Soviet Union. There is hardly any organized Jewish community in the Soviet Union. There are no Jewish leaders who speak for the Jews of the Soviet Union. American Jewish organizations and Jewish organizations elsewhere in the world respond to the plight of individual Jews in the Soviet Union. As a consequence, the Jews of the rest of the world have organized a system that has helped hundreds of thousands of Soviet Jews to emigrate and to settle elsewhere.

No problems comparable to those they had to take into account in the case of German Jews and must take into account today in the case of Argentine Jews confront American Jewish organizations when they turn their attention to France. While anti-Semitism is certainly present in

France—indeed, France is where anti-Semitism was transformed in the nineteenth century from a religious prejudice into a racial prejudice—it is not so great a problem that anyone fears that French Jews will be worse off if its manifestations are publicly identified. As a consequence, the Jews of the rest of the world can denounce French anti-Semitism in good conscience.

How to deal with Argentine anti-Semitism is a great problem for Jewish organizations. As they ponder their course of action, they would do well to keep in mind a comment by Jacobo Timerman. He notes that were anti-Semitism not so great in Argentina, the leaders of the Argentine Jewish community and their American counterparts would not worry so much about the effects of his denunciations of it. In expressing the fear that Timerman, Anthony Lewis and others who charge the Argentine junta with anti-Semitism will “do a grave disservice to Argentine Jews,” or damage “the already precarious condition of Argentina’s Jews,” they acknowledge the truth of the charges. The reasons to whisper about Argentine anti-Semitism are compelling, but the reasons to shout about it from the rooftops may be urgent. □

LETTERS.

(Continued From Page 714)

ERRATUM

Little Compton, R.I.

First it was the capitalist *New York Times*, then the Communist *Daily World* and now *The Nation* [Jonah Raskin, “Sam Krieger—Odyssey of a Red,” May 23] all agreeing on the absurdly tautological title, International Workers of the World. Let an aggrieved old-time Wobbly bear witness to the correct name: Industrial Workers of the World.

Harry O'Connor

Glad as we are to hear from an “old-time Wobbly” reader, we regret the editing error that prompted Mr. O'Connor's letter.

—The Editors

THE F.P.A.'S FAMILY TREE

Pittsburgh

I am left to guess whether Rhonda Brown simply assumed her readers possessed the historical background necessary to understand the implications of legislation like the Family Protection Act [“Blueprint for a Moral America,” *The Nation*, May 23], or if she decided against using the obvious parallels with fascist legislation in the 1930s and 1940s in order to avoid the usual accusations that such alarmist reporting is naïvely trite and stylistically unfashionable at best and professionally incompetent and socially dangerous at worst. No matter what the cause of her restraint, however, I have no difficulties in assuming the role of the intellectual bull-in-the-china-shop by drawing a crude and blunt line from the F.P.A. to the

programs of Pétain's Moral Order of *travail, famille et patrie* and to Hitler's Third Reich, the cornerstone of which was to be the Aryan family.

Senator Paul Laxalt's pronouncement that “the family . . . is the bedrock upon which our whole Nation as well as our society is based” would have been heartily applauded by the likes of Ludwig Leonhardt, a German expert on racial theory who wrote, in 1934, “Deeply perceiving the source of the renewal of the Volk, National Socialism considers the family to be the foundation of the state.” Incentives for women to stay at home and rear lots of children were established by the Nazis as early as July 1933 and by Pétain in 1940. Family, marriage and racial hygiene laws were the earliest, most rudimentary building blocks of the racial policy which culminated in the annihilation of millions.

As we know now, the enactment of this type of legislation by the fascist governments was based ultimately on the belief that bolstering the family would restore falling birthrates, stem miscegenation with “lower” races, re-create a “pure” gene pool and end the “decadence” which those in power claimed had robbed their countries of greatness in the recent past.

Of course, I must humbly admit that Senator Roger Jepsen's anti-E.R.A., anti-busing, antiabortion and anti-Voting Rights Act legislation stands can only crudely be compared to the sexist and racist programs of the fascists of the last generation. After all, this is the United States of America in 1981 and racist terrorists are never arrested for plotting to blow up synagogues and

N.A.A.C.P. offices; Nazis and Communists are not fighting in the streets; violence and brutality have not yet completely captured the public imagination, and proponents of Aryan supremacy are not in control of the government. Why, President Reagan hardly resembles Marshal Pétain! Still, I hope Brown doesn't mind my stepping in with a little historical perspective for her excellent article, and I hope that those who also understand the obvious contrast between the 1930s and the 1980s will forgive me for leaving all this broken china lying about.

Gary L. Doebler

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Nightmare Within a Tragedy

TED SOLOTAROFF

PRISONER WITHOUT A NAME, CELL WITHOUT A NUMBER. By Jacobo Timerman. Translated from the Spanish by Toby Talbot. Alfred A. Knopf. 164 pp. \$10.95.

Jacob Timerman is like the surprise witness at a trial whose revelations throw the whole case into a new perspective. The burden of his startling and reverberating book is that the violence and terror that have reigned in Argentina for the past decade have culminated in a regime not merely and reliably "authoritarian," as our own authorities would have us believe. Instead, it is a neo-totalitarian state devoted to the ideology and practices of Nazi fascism. Further, in the paralyzed accommodation and passivity of Argentina's Jews, and in the indifference of the rest of the world, Timerman sees the inexorably meshing conditions for another Holocaust.

Jewish paranoia and alarmism? Not for a moment does one believe this. What Timerman writes about he saw with his own eyes, heard with his own ears, felt on his own body, perceived with his own clarity and anguish. As publisher of Argentina's principal liberal newspaper and a leader of the perilous moderate position, he knew the officials and henchmen as well as those who became victims before he did. In the police stations and prisons, in the secret holding places where he was interrogated and tortured, in the military courtroom where he was tried as a Zionist conspirator, he saw the evil and the madness cooking together and was forced to taste it.

The authority with which he speaks is in his tone as well as his details, in his character as well as his experience. He is, quite simply, an extraordinary man: reflective, humane, righteous and withal extremely brave, resourceful and hardheaded. His prose, at least in translation, is now the rough-hewn dialectic of an old-time political jour-

nalist of the left, now the terse concrete images dictated by his passion and pain—a natural eloquence. Page after page reflects a rock-solid integrity, psychological and moral, that brought him to his long ordeal, one that began well before his imprisonment, and carried him through it. Timerman appears destined to bear this witness, so strong is the sense of unfolding connections between who he was and who he became, what he did and suffered and what he now must tell us: the destiny, that is to say, of a prophet.

The axial lines of Timerman's life are distinct and can be pieced together from the sparse autobiographical details and passages that crop up here and there in these reflections. He tells us at the outset that he came from an influential family with a tradition of fighting for Jewish rights in their town in the Ukraine ("I bear within me still a vague longing for those tall, bearded unsmiling men"). His parents emigrated to

Buenos Aires when he was a small boy; his father soon died, leaving his wife and two sons penniless. They lived in a single room in a tenement in the Jewish quarter; Timerman worked as a messenger and cleaned the halls and lavatories in lieu of paying rent, while his mother sold clothes for their living. His closeness to this strong woman is one of the ground tones of his character and, I imagine, is the source of the striking interweave of caring and ambition in his life.

Her dream of a Jewish homeland became his Zionism, and the movement's youth groups brought him out of the ghetto and into intellectual and political consciousness. As an adolescent in the late 1930s, he was imbued with the various idealisms of that heady age of Zionist socialism, the Spanish Civil War, the Popular Front and the cause of the Allies, "that miraculous co-existence of world suffering and Jewish suffering." He grappled as well with their various contradictions. He also desperately tried to find a way to fight in World War II, but had to con-



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tent himself with leading demonstrations against Juan Perón when he came to power.

Like most Jewish families in Argentina, the Timermans were addicted to the news, the Jews' early warning defense system; young Jacobo carried out this fascination and became a political journalist and eventually a well-known television commentator. He is silent about this period of his life, but appears to have had something of the *macher* in him: he started two weekly news magazines in the 1960s and founded *La Opinión* in 1971. Often compared to *Le Monde*, his newspaper made him an influential figure; his circle included prominent moderates from the government, the military, the business world and the media. Writing of the famous restaurant where they all congregated, Timerman tells us, "In 1946 I had been brought here as the guest of a politician; now, as head of a newspaper, I was the one who did the inviting."

He soon was given plenty of scope for his prestige, his contacts, his liberal convictions and his sense of responsibility. As early as 1966, Cuban-trained guerrillas had appeared in Argentina. Five years later Peronist provocateurs, kidnappers and killers who covered most of the political spectrum were creating the public fear and disorder that would bring the former dictator back to power. The rampant factionalism of Argentine politics combined with "the eroticism of violence"—Timerman's term for Latin America's contribution to the lethal psychic forces of the century—and made the middle 1970s into a kind of Hobbesian state of nature:

Co-existing in Argentina were: rural and urban Trotskyist guerrillas; right-wing Peronist death squads; armed terrorist groups of the large labor unions . . . ; para-police groups of both the Left and the Right; and terrorist groups of Catholic rightists. . . . Hundreds of other organizations . . . existed, small units that found ideological justification for armed struggle in a poem by Neruda or an essay by Marcuse.

As one Peronist regime followed another, the situation became so desperate that Timerman tried to persuade his moderate cronies in the military and the legislature to take over the government; he saw this as the only way to suppress the kidnappings and extortions, the murders and disappearances on all sides. At the same time,

he called for reinstituting civil rights. A senator said the risks of a military alliance were too great; a general merely laughed at the idea. Timerman was more successful in organizing a group of labor and political journalists who tried to marshal public opinion by boldly attacking the extremists and thereby end the terrified silence in which they swam. It is clear that, at least in part, Timerman was seizing the opportunity to redeem his absence from World War II. "We're lucky at least to be here, with a newspaper at hand, at a time when the country is being besieged by fascism of the Left and Right," he exhorted his colleagues.

Though he was to remember this speech with irony, Timerman continued to aim his double-barreled gun at the perpetrators of violence and the authorities who had abolished civil rights. He also took strong, clear positions on Israel, which made him more hated by the left and more suspect by the right. He supported Salvador Allende in Chile and attacked Fidel Castro's exporting of revolution and his treatment of prisoners. But he also opposed his own government's decision to terminate relations with Cuba. These and other complexities of liberal doctrines and positions, so taken for granted in North America, offended the simple verities of the militants and the military. Both sides dispatched death threats; when one of each arrived on the same day, Timerman took the occasion to reaffirm his principles in a signed article that wondered which side would wind up with his corpse. Sixty-five journalists had by then died or disappeared.

Timerman had passed now into a realm where he was virtually alone—except for an English-language newspaper and some members of the Roman Catholic Church. When the military finally seized power in 1977, his peril was complete—and soon his despair. The assassinations and disappearances continued, but they were now mostly perpetrated by the clandestine agents of the government itself. By insisting on *habeas corpus*, Timerman found himself in a double bind. He was told by the junta that it would let him alone if he ceased publishing these pleas, along with the names of the missing that gave them substance. He was also responding to the pleas of the missing victims' families, although he knew that victims thus named tended to be executed summarily. Trapped by this assertion of

principle and sympathy that was also an exercise in futility and danger, he put his convictions through the fire: "How to explain to myself those scores and hundreds of articles appealing for mercy for a kidnapped soldier, a missing terrorist, pleading for the lives of the very individuals who wanted to put an end to my own." Was this the prompting "of a kind of omnipotence in being the victim or . . . some vague guilt hidden behind my principles, my intrusive honesty, my inexplicable humanitarian mission"? On the other hand, there were "the faces of relatives that appeared at *La Opinión*, plus the absurd conviction that it was possible to recover a human being, plus the need to believe that a newspaper constitutes a powerful institution." The easy resolution of the dilemma was to abandon it, to follow advice and emigrate to Israel. But from the crucible of his situation emerged a simple and final truth: "the one thing that was impossible was to close your eyes."

His character was now annealed as well; the entrepreneur burned away. When he was arrested, he did not break under the torture, under the misery of inhabiting a cell little better than an open grave with a board over it, under the relentless interrogation to make him admit that he was the agent of a worldwide Zionist conspiracy to seize Patagonia and thereby open the way to Antarctica. Absurd? Doubly so, when it emerged that his interrogators wanted him to admit that the conspiracy's centers were in New York, Moscow, Tel Aviv and Buenos Aires, and that Menachem Begin was advising the leftist terrorists. As Timerman came to realize, however, "such questions were less absurd when you're being tortured to extract an answer." You begin to see the patterns behind the questions.

In the months that followed, culminating in his trial, Timerman sought to understand the combination of hatred, fear and fantasy that a consistent logic wove in the minds of the Argentine officers. His analysis is multifaceted and I can only sketch it here. Their controlling premise is that World War III has already begun; the enemy is left-wing terrorism and the first battleground is Argentina. This terrorism was created by Marx, Trotsky, the founders of the state of Israel and many other Jewish revolutionaries. At the same time, the foundation of the Christian world view, on which society

should stand, has been undermined by Einstein, just as the Christian family has been undermined by Freud. Their work continues to be carried on by the natural and social sciences, the arts, the media and the legal profession, which are permeated by Jews; and by the principal leftist powers, which are also controlled or heavily influenced by Jews. So, if Begin's book, *Revolt in the Holy Land*, is found in the possession of Argentine guerrillas, it follows. If the publisher of *La Opinión* is a declared Zionist who interferes with the stamping out of leftist terrorism and subversion and refuses to be driven out of the country, it also follows.

Pursuing this logic—as well as the compulsive need for the simple, orderly, hermetic world of the army barracks, the cruiser and the flight squadron—the Argentine military has instituted strict moral codes in the arts, eliminated majors in sociology, philosophy and psychology, forbidden the use of Freudian psychiatry and imposed a Catholic education on all public schools. And to insure that the subversive doctrines would be destroyed root and branch, the junta has also eliminated “thousands of individuals in Argentina who had no relation with subversion but who . . . represented that world which they found intolerable and incomprehensible and who hence constituted the enemy.”

Understanding this murderous juggernaut of neo-Nazi fantasy did not arm Timerman against the forces of hatred that propelled it. He found he could hold onto his sanity, could even resist the temptation of suicide—the one sensuous image his brutalized psyche could rise to—by deliberately obliterating all tenderness, all hope, all thought and memory that was not impersonal. What he could not obliterate, because it was continually shocked, beaten and cursed to life by his accusers and guards alike, was his Jewish identity. And what he found he could not cease thinking about and remembering was the silent complicity of the Jewish leaders:

My incarceration and torture were a personal tragedy, but nothing more, for in view of the sort of journalism I practiced, the possibility of my arrest and assassination fit into the rules of the game. Whereas the panic of Argentine Jewish leaders constituted a nightmare within the tragedy. And it was the nightmare that agonized me and kept me awake.

The final sections of *Prisoner without a name* are filled with passionate argument against and denunciation of the Argentine Jews’ “gilded ghetto” mentality—one that quietly complies and accommodates, refuses to make trouble, guides and consoles itself with the idea that the magnitude of anti-Semitic actions is still far from Holocaust proportions. To Timerman, no idea could be more misleading and ominous. In his attack on it, the exhausted, tormented man revives, and one sees the fearless activist, the humanitarian and the Jewish spokesman—the “powerful Timerman” who had made the Jewish community feel proud and protected. The whole man, whose integrity we have seen so acted out and acted upon, stands up near the end and delivers these scorching words:

The Holocaust will be understood not so much for the number of the victims as for the magnitude of the silence. . . . Using my newspaper as a base, [I] fought so that not even the

slightest anti-Semitic trace should be left in silence, for the silence of the Jews is the sole indicator of the current presence of the Holocaust in the Jewish historical condition.

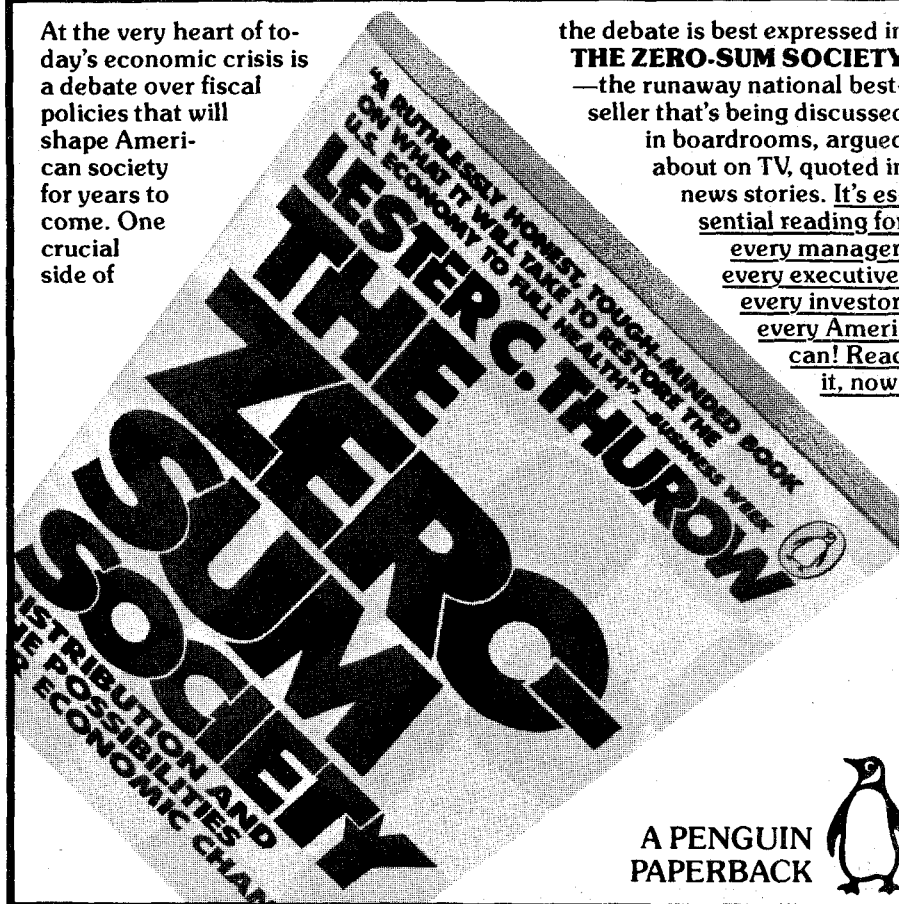
The whole Timerman and perhaps something more. In his study of the Jewish prophets, Abraham Heschel suggests the process of impersonalization by which the prophet, through struggle, loneliness and concern, leaves behind the normal, trimming self that maintains equanimity by not seeing or feeling too much. In Heschel's words, “Our eyes are witness to the callousness and cruelty of man, but our heart tries to obliterate the memories, to calm the nerves, and to silence our conscience.”

Timerman is not an observant Jew; his faith is in the Zionist way of strengthening Jewish identity and understanding. “Being,” as he puts it, “is more important than remembering.” Still, the critic of the gilded ghetto of survivalism is to me a secular version of the early prophets. At the end,

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Timerman the entrepreneur and political pundit gave way once and for all to the man who could not close his eyes to suffering or refuse "to print what had to be printed." In prison he discovered that his Jewishness was the one irreducible element of his personhood, and his rage against the obtuseness and temerity of the Jewish leaders became his source of strength as well as the object of the need to intensify responsibility that has wrung this book out of him. So, let us listen again to Heschel:

The prophet is the man who feels

fiercely. God has thrust a burden upon his soul, and he is bowed and stunned at man's fierce greed. . . . Prophecy is the voice that God has lent to the silent agony, a voice to the plundered poor, to the profaned riches of the world.

There is, of course, much more to be said about the importance of this book—particularly these days—to Jews and Christians, to liberals and conservatives. But I'll leave that to your reading of Jacobo Timerman and his reading of you. □

My Life as a Writer

RICHARD GILMAN

ZUCKERMAN UNBOUND. By Philip Roth. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 225 pp. \$10.95.

I remember Flannery O'Connor once telling me of her bewilderment at why a writer like Norman Mailer was "always displaying himself." Why didn't he simply "let the work speak for itself," why was he always, in the writing and outside it, intruding, cajoling, defending? And I remember saying, wholly unsure of my argument, that like other gifted Jewish writers Mailer, as a historical outsider, saw writing, at least in part, as an embattled "way in," that for many such writers language was a social weapon and a means of justification. Their dwelling so much on their own situations, rather than on the possibilities of language as invention, didn't mean that their work was necessarily inferior but only that it was more tied to contingency, that it was more utilitarian, so to speak, and more deliberately seductive; such writing sought love and power more nakedly.

I think of this now after finishing Philip Roth's *Zuckerman Unbound*, in which the gap between art and life is the narrowest yet. I want to know what to make of Roth. His "voice" is what nearly every commentator cites about him, his voice and his "ear." The voice is certainly among the most distinctive we possess, easy yet backed with pain, familiar but with an edge of mysterious

agitation. And his ear for dialogue—for the way we city people speak with rueful smartness, not wisely but too well—is the most accurate of instruments. Why then has he been only fitfully as good a writer as he ought to be? How good, and what kind of a writer ought he to be?

Roth would no doubt react to a prescriptive impulse like this with a shrug or, more likely, a hard stare. Indeed, he's already reacted to it on a number of occasions, within his novels sometimes, and he does it again, most strenuously, in this new one. Seizing the issue of what he has done with his talents, he incorporates it into his text, making it his chief subject. *Zuckerman Unbound* could in fact be called *My Life as a Writer*, as an earlier book of Roth's was called *My Life as a Man*.

Not that the novel is at all straightforward autobiography. Roth is too much the artist for that. But there is something disingenuous about his attempt wholly to dissociate himself from his protagonist, as he did in a recent *Times* article where he pointed out the factual differences between his own life and that of Nathan Zuckerman. Granted. But what are we to think of a central character with the following cluster of determining details? A novelist in his mid-30s, after years of "serious" work that has gained him only modest renown, writes (in 1969) a book that catapults him to instant fame, a novel about the sexual hangups of a Jewish fellow growing up in Newark—a novel, moreover, that along with celebrity brings its author bitter condemnation from Jewish sources for its "perversion" of ethnic and religious truth.

Nathan Zuckerman carries over from Roth's previous novel, *The Ghos Writer*, where he was young, earnest and an ambivalent disciple of the eminent author, E.I. Lonoff, whose imaginary letter to his wife provides an epigraph for this book. Lonoff wants Nathan to "see what it is to be lifted from obscurity. Let him not . . . tell you that he wasn't warned." Forewarned or not, Zuckerman is overwhelmed and thoroughly disoriented by his success: the fame and the \$1 million he's already earned. "All this, this luck—what did it mean? Coming so suddenly, and on such a scale, it was as baffling as misfortune."

This book is in part an account of Nathan's struggle to accept the consequences of his éclat, to feel justified in having become so flashingly eminent. "To be chagrined by such good fortune," his agent says. "Why?" The reason is that Zuckerman can't help feeling that he's betrayed some higher value—literature, or perhaps virtue itself. His success is like that of movie stars, sports heroes. He's totally misunderstood, feels himself unreal. Strangers address him as Carnovsky, his book's protagonist: "They had mistaken impersonation for confession and were calling out to a character who lived in a book." And he feels himself the target of mad envy, judgment. "Those cover stories were enough of a trial for a writer's writer friends, let alone for a semiliterate psychopath who might not know about all the good deeds he did at the PEN club. Oh Madam, if you only knew the real me! Don't shoot! I am a serious writer as well as one of the boys!"

Early in the book Zuckerman is approached by one Alvin Pepler, another man from Newark; he had been a quiz show star in the 1950s before being bumped from the biggest program to make way for the handpicked, coachable winner, Hewlett Lincoln (Charles Van Doren). Pepler attaches himself to Nathan, at first in adulation ("You're the Marcel Proust of Newark"), but later as a locus for the violent envy and resentment he has nourished since his quiz-show "betrayal." He becomes for Zuckerman the exemplar of the craziness of hanging in the firmament of celebrity, as well as the wish to hang there.

With his prodigious memory for trivia and his grotesque grievance Pepler is an engaging character, but

Richard Gilman, a literary and theater critic, is the author of *Decadence: The Strange Life of an Epithet* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux).

toth doesn't do much with him. In act, he doesn't do much with the novel's main theme, which is, or should be, what it's like to be famous. The book veers off from this into some family matters—Nathan's fruitless attempt to win back the wife he's walked out on, the death of his father—which give the feeling of not being integral to any true narrative but rather devised to make up the appearance of one. Roth seems to me to be fulfilling an obligation to write another novel, the *next* one, and to have started with a creative idea, faltered, then filled out the book with some odds and ends of personal experience, perhaps taking care of some unfinished emotional business.

I'm not concerned with whether or not the novel's domestic events are actually part of Roth's autobiography (though there's evidence that they aren't remote from it). The point is that they feel like they are, because they don't feel like they're part of Zuckerman's. The novel's chief theme should be the nature of fame and celebrity; this isn't a blot on my part but what the book itself advances for part of its way. Indeed, in an important episode Roth inadvertently reveals how he's thrown away the opportunity to make *Zuckerman Unbound* a better book than it is.

Nathan has a one-night affair with Caesara O'Shea, a screen goddess. In the course of the evening he looks through a book she's been reading, a little-known work by Kierkegaard called *Crisis in the Life of an Actress and Other Essays on Drama*. The title essay offers remarkable insights into the lures and oppressions of fame and is one of the shrewdest such inquiries I know. But Roth merely toys with it, using it for a bit of color, a bit of narrative embroidery. Had he regarded the essay seriously, taking it, let's say, as a set of notes or ideas for a fiction, we might have had a novel, a work of imagination about a psychic and social reality that has become increasingly insistent and enigmatic. Instead, this greatly gifted writer has given way to a need for justification and made the book sporadically serve that need. He's entitled, as one of his characters might say. But, then, so are we.

By the book's end, Nathan, Roth's surrogate, does feel justified. But he manages this in a way that leaves us greatly unsatisfied, with all the questions and ambiguities of celebrity unexamined. His father's death closes the

past and, with that, Nathan's recent history is closed, too. He simply walks away from its disturbances, having assimilated what has happened to him, his status and luck. But it's by an act of will, not as the outcome of the creative flow. Roth wants to accept himself, wants to get off the high seat—

the "virtue business," as Nathan calls it—so as to take himself, and be taken, for what he is, simply an entertaining writer. All right. But in this novel there is less entertainment than a self-conscious effort to establish the credentials of the entertainer; the life keeps getting in the way of the work. □

Passion Is Better Than Reason

HARLOW ROBINSON

THE ISSA VALLEY. By Czeslaw Milosz. Translated from the Polish by Louis Iribarne. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 288 pp. \$13.95.

SELECTED POEMS. By Czeslaw Milosz (revised). The Ecco Press. 129 pp. Paper \$8.95.

Ill at ease in the tyranny, ill at ease in the republic, in the one I longed for freedom, in the other for the end of corruption. —From "To Raja Rao"

The awarding of the 1980 Nobel Prize for literature to Polish-Lithuanian writer Czeslaw Milosz is a celebration of the complexity of modern history and a rejection of the pat junk-food solutions offered in so much recent poetry and prose. It is also another recognition—and there have been quite a few lately—of the unique moral and cultural role of the smaller nations from what Milosz calls "The Other Europe." Poland, one of the largest of these, has, like Lithuania, Czechoslovakia and Hungary, uneasily straddled deep national and ideological chasms—Catholic and Protestant, German and Russian—throughout its history; and it has, at particularly unhappy moments, been dealt from losers to victors like a soiled trump card.

But Poland, as the daily headlines have been declaring for some months now, has never accepted oppression gracefully. Russian and German generals can attest to that. Indeed, it seems especially appropriate that a Polish (though he is as much Lithuanian as Polish) poet should receive the Nobel Prize at this very Polish time, while Polish workers struggle with determined idealism to create a new kind of Com-

munist, and a Polish Pope reigns in the Vatican.

And yet Milosz's poetry and prose is political only in the higher sense of the word. The seemingly irresolvable plight of modern industrialized man—his loss of identity (national and personal), and especially his "refusal to remember"—disturbs and inspires Milosz's work. One has the feeling that Milosz has been dragged into the political arena reluctantly, that he would have been content to sit at his desk behind volumes of classics and foreign dictionaries. The times into which he was born, however, determined otherwise: neutrality and detachment, especially for a Lithuanian-Pole who was 28 when the Nazi blitzkrieg rolled into Warsaw, became an impossibility.

As the poet himself expressed it in his Nobel acceptance speech, he has been tormented by the "contradiction between being and action, or, on another level, a contradiction between art and solidarity with one's fellow men." It is a contradiction so profoundly troubling to Milosz that he "would prefer to have been able to resolve it while leaving his poems unwritten." By nature an artist who demands a cold distance from his material, Milosz has been pushed by the circumstances of his (and his country's) history to immediately confront cruelty, death and destruction.

This combination of control and passion is one that Milosz shares with other great poets of the twentieth century: Osip Mandelstam in Russia, T.S. Eliot in England. (In Milosz's words: "The voice of passion is better than the voice of reason./The passionless cannot change history.") Never romantic or maudlin, Milosz has rejected nothing of his long odyssey from the pagan green valleys of Lithuania to the emptying cafés of wartime Europe to the desolate concrete freeways of California. (Milosz has been a professor in the Slavic department of the University of

Harlow Robinson teaches in the Slavic department at the State University of New York at Albany.

California, Berkeley, for the last twenty years.) "I did not expect to live in such an unusual moment," he writes in "Oeconomia Divina"; "Everywhere was nowhere and nowhere, everywhere."

A sense of this geographical and moral dislocation informs the poetry collected in the volume recently reissued by The Ecco Press. The poems included here—translated by a variety of people, among them the author himself—span Milosz's lifetime. (Though Milosz speaks and writes English with facility, he still chooses to write his poetry in Polish.) Some of the most powerful and successful are from the wartime years, when he worked as an editor and writer for Resistance publications in besieged and ruined Warsaw. "Café," dated 1944, contrasts present reality with history in a way that is characteristic of much of his poetry.

Of that table in the café
where on winter noons a garden of
frost glittered on window panes
I survived alone . . .
I may learn the taste of fruits from
ocean islands
and be photographed in an attire

from the second half of the
century.

But they are forever like busts in
frock coats and jabots
in some monstrous encyclopedia.

In all the poems collected here one senses the weight of the culture that lies behind the words: Latin theological training in Catholic Vilnius, a legal education, café afternoons in Paris, where Milosz spent much time in the 1930s and later in the 1950s. Milosz is the first to admit that his poetry is not easy, that it is not written for the masses. "I thought of myself practically all my life as a rather hermetic poet with not a very large audience," he said in a recent interview in California. "I'm afraid of misunderstandings now."

Another theme that runs through all of Milosz's writing is nationality—actually, the relativity of nationality. As the child of a landowning family in Lithuania, a pagan country until 1386, Milosz grew up surrounded by a weird clash of languages, religions and traditions that gave him first-hand knowledge of how language is both identity and the means of oppression. While Poland has long been regarded as the

poor relation of the larger European powers (hence the Polish jokes), Lithuania was regarded by the Poles—who also needed someone to look down upon—as a yet poorer relation. Within Lithuania, the Polish-Lithuanian tension was part of the landowner-peasant class conflict. The upper classes tended to speak in Polish (just as the upper classes in Czechoslovakia tended to speak German), and the peasants in Lithuanian. Milosz, as a member of an old gentry family, was regarded by the peasants as an oppressor; the poet's intellectual curiosity and love of rural life led him to identify closely with the peasants. "The landscapes and perhaps the spirits of Lithuania have never abandoned me," he remarked in accepting the Nobel Prize.

It is with these landscapes and spirits that *The Issa Valley*, first published in Polish in 1955 and now translated into English for the first time, is populated. This charming, lyrical prose poem is a nostalgic return to the poet's youth in Lithuania, an attempt to recapture and understand the springs of his creativity. Though touted as a novel, it is not really a work of fiction. Indeed, Milosz has said that "I do not consider myself a fiction writer at all. I do not feel any vocation to write fiction, probably because I am too inhibited and I feel that fiction writers are shameless people, telling about their most intimate things under a small disguise. It's indecent."

Thomas, the boy protagonist of the book, is a sensitive, wise-beyond-his-years observer, fascinated by the strange tribal rites and small romantic tragedies that surround him. There is no plot in the traditional sense; rather, this is a Lithuanian, bucolic *Portrait of the Artist* told in a restrained, almost timorous tone. We learn less about Thomas's feelings and psychology than about the strange creatures—both human and animal—that he watches with such bemused intensity. Milosz is an intensely private writer. He looks out at the world, absorbed with other beings and with history rather than with himself. After the nearly sickening self-absorption of so many modern writers, it is a relief and pleasure to read a poet with a sense of propriety.

As in the poems, ancestry and history are major concerns in *The Issa Valley*. Detailed genealogies of family members abound; these eccentric squires wander

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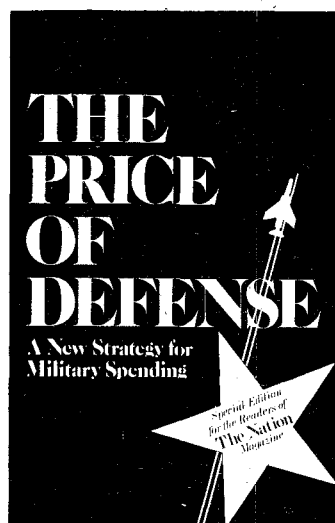
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through Lithuania's dense forests, guns in hand, trailed by diffident and haunted servants. Thomas is a thoughtful boy; the detached narrator re-creates special moments from his lonely childhood with the same sort of vivid poetic detail that Proust lavishes on his boyhood self in *Remembrance of Things Past*. Images arise from the trees, the meadows and the outhouse, and return as Thomas uncertainly approaches manhood. The sense of place is strong and sure; it establishes a first innocent point of reference for the tumult of war and nationality that would follow. Cataclysmic events in the outside world—even World War I—are only distant echoes in this isolated fairy tale world.

Russian writers—especially Turgenev and Gogol—seem to stand behind this boyhood chronicle. Hunting, the ritual of manhood in which the fragile Thomas longs to prove himself, is described in dusky tones reminiscent of *A Sportsman's Sketches*. The smells of moss and swamp grass and dying campfires, the sounds of birds ascending in frightened flight and of distant shotgun blasts, jump from the pages. From Gogol come the kindly—and evil—forest spirits that torment and tantalize Thomas's friends and relatives. Magdalena, the village priest's housekeeper and lover, crushed by her fiancé's rejection and terrified at the prospect of ignoble spinsterhood in a small village, kills herself. ("She swallowed the rat poison while the wind was whistling in the reeds, traces of white foam were being washed up on the shingle, and waves lapped against the boats moored to the landing.") But her spirit is reluctant to leave the village and returns to disturb the living: "moving pans, breaking eggs and scrambling them on an otherwise cold and empty stove."

Thomas accepts these phantoms—even loves them. They are all part of the wonderful communion of nature that surrounds and nurtures him; he prefers them to the uncertain and tedious attentions of alternately attentive and uninterested relations. One feels that these benign and enigmatic Lithuanian forest spirits are profoundly important to Milosz's poetic identity, to the quietly sensuous music of some of his lines.

The Issa Valley is not a sensational book. It is not an especially profound one. The mood is Chekhovian, autumnal, of small and subtle changes in a late

November sunset. But in our age of loud superlatives, such an assuredly quiet voice sounds with refreshing and welcome authority. □

FILMS.

ROBERT HATCH

The Fan
The Four Seasons
A Second Chance

Paramount Pictures, worried lest it be accused of making *The Fan* to cash in on the murder of John Lennon by a deranged admirer, points out that the movie is taken from a novel by Bob Randall and was in production long before Lennon's death. It is a little hard to take this concern seriously—*The Fan*, like a number of other recent films, was made to cash in on the general preoccupation with senseless violence; it displays the studied verisimilitude that so often makes the screen's major investigations into contemporary problems both showy and inert. The theory, possibly correct, seems to be that the mass audience checks the credibility of what it sees on the screen, not by its own experience or native wit but by what it has seen on the screen before. Or it may be that the movie community, like the White House, is so parochial that when it believes itself to be peering out at the world it is really gazing into the mirror. In politics this optical illusion creates an estrangement between the governors and their constituency; in the movies it produces an environment that is instantly recognizable but by no means alive.

In this respect, Lauren Bacall, as Sal-

ly Ross, the celebrated actress who is first importuned and then threatened by her most exigent fan, is letter-perfect. Alternately very high or abysmally low, she glows with vitality or sags in exhaustion. Adored by millions, she is deprived of the one love she values. And when the conflict between professional triumphs and personal anguish becomes unendurable, she escapes to that lonely beach house somewhere in the Hamptons, which the major studios keep in readiness for enterprising heroines who overtax themselves on the big-city merry-go-round.

By her side, through good days and bad, is Belle Goldman, personal secretary and general dog's body, a tower of strength buttressed by a worship of her boss that is proof against the latter's tyranny and her own good sense. Maureen Stapleton is a resourceful and compelling actress, but she scarcely needs to exert herself to be adorable as the ever-faithful, long-familiar Belle. The same predictability enervates the rest of the players, among them James Garner as the tactless ex-husband who still aspires to be a well-meaning friend, and Hector Elizondo as the tough cop who has seen everything but whose deeper feelings do him great credit. They are all as credible as persistent repetition on the screen can make them, and it is a comfort to run into them again at a time when a chap with a fancied grievance is prowling midtown Manhattan with a razor in his pocket. It reminds us that life in the movies is just that, and we can squeal to our heart's content without fear that anything truly alarming is afoot.

That razor is almost a hallmark of what I mean by cinematic verisimilitude. It is not, so far as I know, a

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sibility, and the whole validity of the mythology of chosenness. I hope many people will read it though I am also rather afraid that Obenzinger will be cast from the temple rather than educate it
—Herb Kohl

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weapon especially favored by psychotic homicides but you can expect it to show up whenever the movies want to add the white grin of horror to their lethal excitements. However, in this case, the wielder of the blade struck me as the one character in the film who was invented for the occasion, not brought in from the reliable archives. I can't be sure that a student of mental affliction would endorse his progress from creepy nuisance to berserk slasher but, as

played by Michael Biehn, he felt uncomfortably authentic.

By the standards of its kind, *The Fan* is well-made entertainment. The plot is efficient and properly ingenious, though I was surprised by the willingness of the New York City homicide squad to accept at face value the identity of a faceless corpse. And since Bacall is herself no mean entertainer, I thought it unfair that Sally Ross, in addition to her other woes, was burdened

with the lead in what looked on its opening night to be as tasteless as musical as ever darkened the lights of Broadway.

The Fan is directed by Edward Bianchi, esteemed in television for the effectiveness of his Eastern Air Lines Fabergé and Dr. Pepper commercials. The script was written jointly by Priscilla Chapman and John Hartwell.

The Four Seasons is about three middle-aged, upper-prosperous New York couples (actually three and a half couples, as will appear) of a sort whom I suspect Alan Alda knows as well as Woody Allen knows his East Side crowd. It is a very in-group comedy that Alda has written and directed, and in which he plays a leading part, so though I laughed at its absurdities and appreciated the warmth of its intentions, it left me feeling somewhat as though I'd worn the wrong clothes to an annual neighborhood cook-out.

Alda's people are very much into food. They look comfortably well nourished, but seem much of the time to be ravenous; they talk excitedly about the exotic feast they are about to cook, exclaim over its excellence as they consume it and next morning remind one another how great it was. I appreciate my grub, but don't find it conversationally stimulating.

The other sensation these couples revel in is togetherness; they are not merely friends, they possess a friendship, and are forever congratulating themselves on its depth, durability and indispensability. At the same time, they seem so anxious about the soundness of this sheltering structure that they keep testing its guy ropes, appealing one to another for utterly frank character appraisals—which, when forthcoming cause painful, if transient, ego bruises. The people I know well seem to enjoy and profit from one another's company without needing to jump up and swear loyalty to the congeniality. Inquiries soliciting ad-lib psychoanalyses would, I believe, be met with some embarrassment. I make these personal observations not to put down Alda's work but to explain that I am under some disadvantage in trying to appraise it. That it is written and performed with tongue somewhat in cheek seems apparent, but just how broad the satire is I hesitate to say. It is the kind of problem one has when attempting to assay the weight of irony in a film by

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Robert Sherrill, Calvin Trillin, Kurt Vonnegut,
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As the title suggests, the film travels with the couples on four of their frequent holidays together—spring in the Catskills, summer on a chartered yacht, autumn during parents' weekend at a New England prep school, winter in a ski lodge. Alda and Carol Burnett are Jack and Kate Burroughs; Jack Weston and Rita Moreno are the Zimmers; Len Cariou and Sandy Dennis are Nick and Anne Callan. However, Anne, a rimacing neurotic, is as boring as such infortunates usually are, and in the first episode Nick passionately breaks the news to Jack that he is about to divorce her.

When the group gets together on the extended yawl, Nick presents them with Ginny (Bess Armstrong), a blonde and loathsome airline hostess some twenty years younger than the others. The cruise is a bit tense, partly from inadequate seamanship, partly because the absence of Anne lies heavy on the party and partly because Nick and Ginny disorient themselves each night with such an outburst of ecstatic shouts, such a beating of limbs against the bulkhead, that the others are deprived of the composure needed for sleep. It is a funny situation, but is it plausible even as satiric exaggeration?

The presence of Ginny on shipboard and at the later gatherings puts a real strain on the celebrated friendship. Jack, a lawyer, intensifies his penchant for getting everyone's motives and impulses out in the open; Danny Zimmer, a dentist, is no longer able to hide his paranoia and fear of corporal decay behind a gift for stunning one-liners. The wives, though basically secure in their husbands' affections, nevertheless resent the pawing of the ground occasioned by the young woman's presence among them. And she, it develops during a particularly violent showdown, is not unaware of the discomfort she cannot help creating.

More than once I decided that the cup of friendship had been broken beyond repair, and if I were surer of my ground I might complain that Alda was playing games with his characters. But it may well be that his crowd is more accustomed to emotional roughhousing and quicker to heal from uncommonly brewed cuts than would be the people with whom I spend my time.

On the way out from *A Second Chance*, I heard a matron say to her

friend, "I liked it; they're such beautiful women." It was a generous compliment to the actresses and an accurate appraisal of the picture. Catherine Deneuve and Anouk Aimée are indeed beautiful, and here one can enjoy their comeliness undistracted by a plot that will not withstand the most casual observation. It is a little like being rewarded by radiant views of the Himalayas during a thoroughly tiresome drama of India.

The director of *A Second Chance* is Claude Lelouche, who has won a name for himself by the audacity of his persiflage. On this occasion he has pushed that specialized talent to the point of absurdity. We learn, for example, that in France women who in their late teens are sentenced to long prison terms emerge in their 30s handsome of person, charming of manner and advantageously clothed. Further, the film informs us, a young woman of spirit (Deneuve) will arrange while in close custody to get herself pregnant, to the end that her life will have some meaning in the future.

There is, of course, the embarrassing

possibility that when the son is finally united with his mother, who does not divulge the relationship, he will turn out to be a rather brash and precocious teen-ager (Francis Huster), who promptly takes to playing footsie with his parent under the luncheon table. Enlightened as to the impropriety of such gestures, he bunks in with his mother's best friend and erstwhile cellmate (Aimée). This shift of ardor creates a somewhat awkward triangle, which is fortunately converted into a thoroughly jolly foursome by the addition of the son's brilliant if iconoclastic history teacher. The proceedings then rush to an appropriately extravagant and implausible conclusion on the summit on Mont Blanc.

That's the gist of it, minus any number of alluring side ventures and accommodating subordinate characters, the whole being developed in a series of sometimes perplexing flashbacks. But Deneuve and Aimée pay the story little heed, being more taken up by the pleasure of each other's company. And that, at least, we can all share. □

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FRANK W. LEWIS

Now there's a champion to fight City Hall

In every significant way, New Yorkers are worse off today than before Ed Koch became Mayor. Crime is up. Police and fire protection is down. There are fewer jobs in manufacturing and fewer hospitals. Rents are up and rising, the education system less effective, and transportation simply awful.

But for some, things are great: the bankers, real estate developers and slumlords. They've captured New York City and think of Koch as their Mayor. They're right. He *is* their Mayor.

The Republican bosses fully understand Koch's service to New York's financial elite. That's why, at this writing, they're arranging for Koch, the Democrat, to get the Republican nomination. That seems only fair. Koch *did* boost the Reagan campaign and *did* undercut Liz Holtzman's race against D'Amato. And Koch *is* meek in response to Reagan's cuts in basic services (so more could be given to the military).

Yet Koch is regarded as "popular." One reason is that there's been little organized effort to expose the Koch connection with almost everything that's gone sour for the people of New York.

Until now.

Now there's a champion to fight City Hall. Frank Barbaro has brought together a wide coalition of progressive Democrats and is challenging Koch for the nomination. The campaign will provide an opportunity to air the Koch record — and to win the Democratic nomination.

Frank Barbaro is tough, fair, articulate, independent and has proved his political courage in the courts, on the streets, in the state legislature.

If you're not yet familiar with his name, you soon will be. Some already know Frank Barbaro: his neighbors, who've elected and re-elected him to the State Assembly five times despite opposition from the political bosses; trade unionists, from his work as Chairman of the Labor Committee of the State Assembly; tenants, for his representation of them; consumers, for his battles against the greed of the utilities.

And many New Yorkers know him for his work on housing, the problems of crime, consumer protection, the aged, taxation and social services.

This election not only affects the millions who live in New York, but can begin the process of stopping the Reagans and Kochs throughout America. We think readers of The Nation have the political understanding that leads to participation in the Barbaro campaign.

If you fill out the coupon below we will tell you how and where you can join us.

One more thing. Koch's campaign chest is filled to the brim with gifts from the bankers, developers and big landlords. The Barbaro campaign depends on you. Give whatever you can to win the nomination for Frank Barbaro and a humane, effective administration for New York City.

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